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November 20, 1926

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

"Have you turned Professional?"

By H. I. Phillips

Louis Joseph Vance
Samuel Merwin
Grantland Rice—Margaret Culkin Banning—

BLANCHE TRAVIS
711 NORTH ST
IOLA
KANS
128
32634
CH R 2

Nov. 20 1926

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Danger! Wrong winter oil invites:
(1) Increased engine wear ··· perhaps 25%.

(2) Gasoline dilution of oil ·· possibly 15% in 150 miles.

(3) Battery depletion ·· in comparatively few starts. Relief comes ··

through the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil as advised by the Mobiloil Engineers in the Winter column of the Mobiloil Chart.

In winter many cars require oil of different characteristics than that which is correct in summer. Other cars can successfully use the same oil the year around. Don't guess about this vital matter. Make sure. Experienced motorists do. So do automotive engineers. That is why so many of them turn to the Mobiloil Chart as a scientific guide to economical winter lubrication.

30¢ a quart is a fair retail price for genuine Mobiloil from barrel or pump. (Slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

Make this
CHART
your guide

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc." means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Ajax	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Apperson 6	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Auburn 6-63, 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" 6-66	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
" (other mod's)	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Case	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 6	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
" (other mod's)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Cleveland 31	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cunningham	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Davis	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Diana	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dorris	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Duesenberg	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 4	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Elcar 4	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" 6-65	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
" 6-50, 6-60	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Federal WB3, X2, X5, X6	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (other mod's)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Federal Knight	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	....	....
Flint 80	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (other mod's)	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
F. W. D.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
G. M. C.	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Garford 1¼–1½ ton	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Graham Bros.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Gray	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Haynes	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
International ¾ ton	....	....	A	A	....	....	....	....
" (other mod's)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan 6	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Junior 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Kissel 6	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Lexington Concord	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" (other mod's)	....	....	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mack	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
McFarlan 8	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Oldsmobile 8	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
" (other mod's)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard Eight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (other mod's)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Paige (Pass.)	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless 80	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" (other mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rolls-Royce	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns-Knight	BB	A	BB	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz 8	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Velie (Pass.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
White 15, 20, 20-D	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (other com'l mod's)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wills-St. Claire	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" (other mod's)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL:

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" or "CC" as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Division Offices: *Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis*

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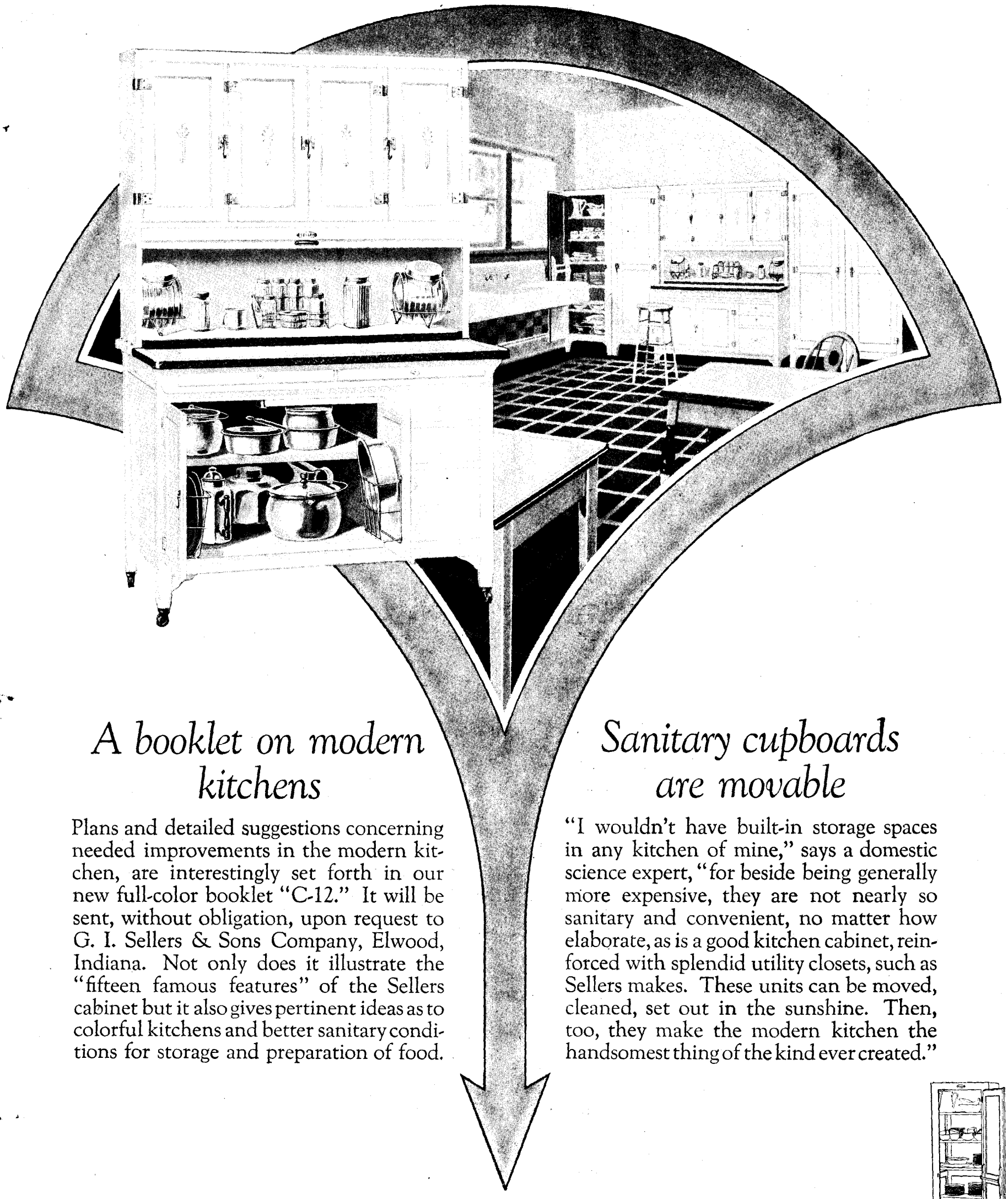


A booklet on modern kitchens

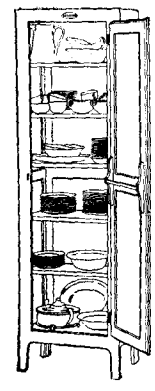
Plans and detailed suggestions concerning needed improvements in the modern kitchen, are interestingly set forth in our new full-color booklet "C-12." It will be sent, without obligation, upon request to G. I. Sellers & Sons Company, Elwood, Indiana. Not only does it illustrate the "fifteen famous features" of the Sellers cabinet but it also gives pertinent ideas as to colorful kitchens and better sanitary conditions for storage and preparation of food.

Sanitary cupboards are movable

"I wouldn't have built-in storage spaces in any kitchen of mine," says a domestic science expert, "for beside being generally more expensive, they are not nearly so sanitary and convenient, no matter how elaborate, as is a good kitchen cabinet, reinforced with splendid utility closets, such as Sellers makes. These units can be moved, cleaned, set out in the sunshine. Then, too, they make the modern kitchen the handsomest thing of the kind ever created."

SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS



SELLERS UTILITY CLOSET

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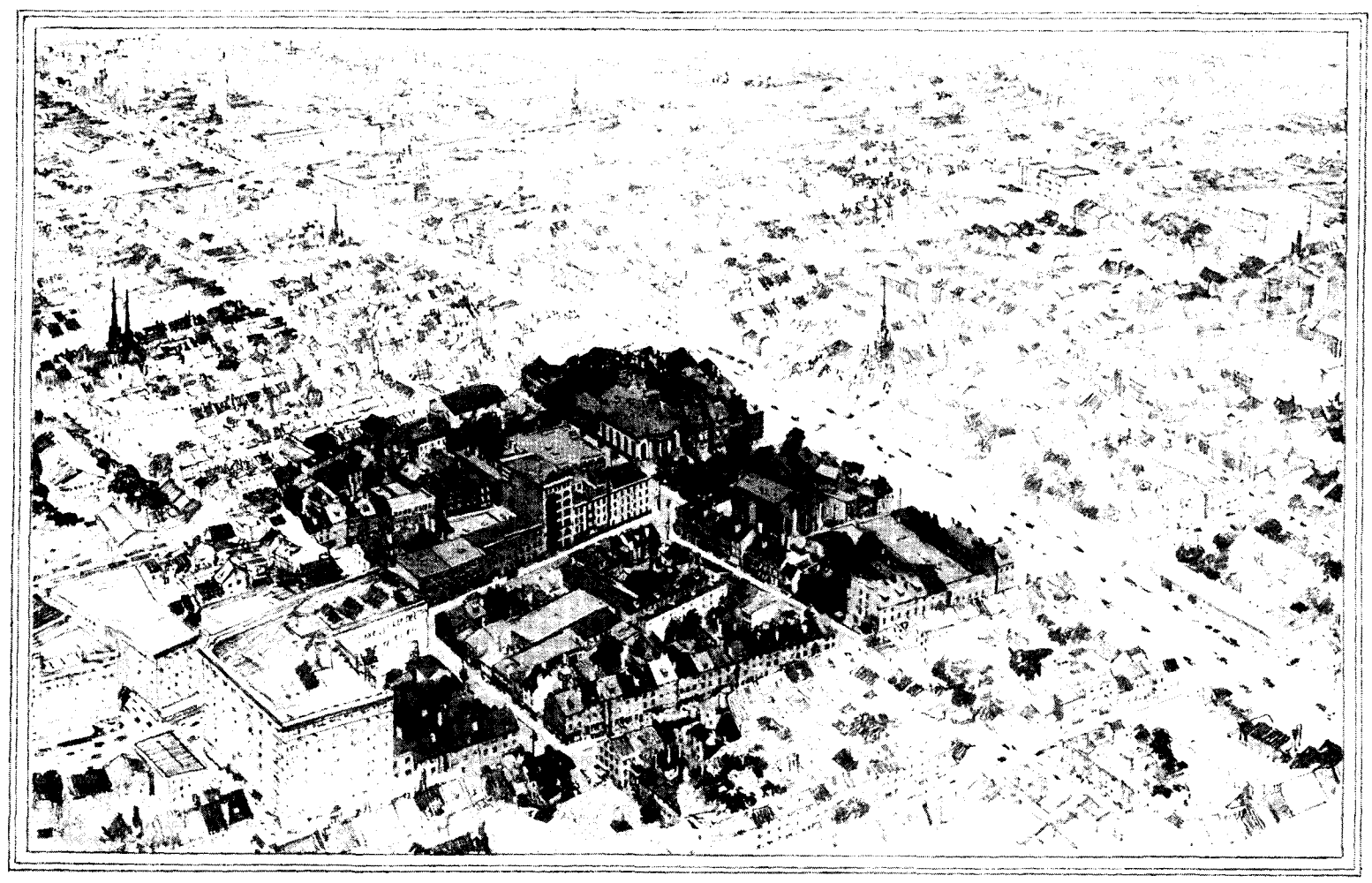

Aerial Photo by Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

The Village within the city

How the proprietor of a neighborhood business can expand it to serve a larger and larger trade

IN their daily buying habits most city dwellers live in small towns and lead more or less small-town lives.

Cities are so big that city people live in little sections, bounded by a few streets.

City housewives buy their food, their ice, their laundry service and all the other items of everyday trading from neighborhood tradesmen.

Business men eat lunch, get their haircuts, and make most of their purchases within a few blocks of their offices.

Inside that little area in which they move, they know the hotels, the cigar stores, the restaurants, the clothiers—in fact, every type of shop—thoroughly and well.

Take the men a half mile from their business or the women a few blocks from their homes and they are in a relatively strange place.

The merchant or shop of any sort that wants to enlarge its trading zone has but one economical and efficient way to do it. That is by using printing—direct advertising.

If you are the proprietor of a business that is too big to remain little, and too little to attempt to draw trade from the entire city, you will want to advertise, but you may not know how to begin.

The man who can help you most is a good printer.

Prepare a mailing list, made up of names of people who live not too far away.

Engage a printer to help you prepare a continuous program of direct advertising.

Increase this advertising as your business increases. Increase your mailing list as you increase the number of your customers.

By the use of Better Paper and Better Printing the prosperous small business can become a prosperous large business. The neighborhood store that deserves to grow can lift its head above the little village within the city and become a part of the big-store life of the city.

Choose a good printer, if you haven't one, and talk to him.

From his experience you can draw much helpful guidance.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

For many years S. D. Warren Company has devoted study to ways and methods for making printed pieces more effective. The results of this work are contained in a series of books on various phases of direct advertising. Some of these books are ready; some are yet to be issued. Copies may be obtained without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers or by writing direct to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

better paper ~ better printing

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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November 20, 1926

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The Lame Duck

Here's a story about women you know in a political game you may not know quite so well

After he had gone she realized how cruel it had sounded and that it had showed only the reverse of the tenderness she was aching with

Table of contents will be found on page 48

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Illustrated by JOHN H. CROSMAN

IT WAS a room full of chintz and firelight. From the bowl on the table came the soft, delicately exotic scent of freesia and the gay hope of daffodils. Outside the casement windows of the clubroom the snow now fell softly into the dusk, but still the women lingered around the tea table by the fire.

There were five women, and at least two of them were beautiful, but for this hour that did not matter at all. Nor did it matter that one wore jewels and another leaned carelessly back in her chair against a coat of valuable fur, while the one who sat between them was shabby, so shabby that the toes of her slippers showed gray and worn in the firelight. Those eternal competitions of women, beauty, wealth and adornment seemed to be quietly laid aside. The younger women smoked and the older ones relaxed in their chairs, and over them all was the pleasant brooding of thought.

"Well," said Jean Lane, "everybody seems to like the idea."

The young woman with the jewels stood up lazily and flicked the end of her cigarette into the fire.

"I must go home. But it's such fun here that I hate to leave. I think it's a noble idea. Nobody could be more popular in the state than Mrs. Pomeroy, and I'll bet she knows the first name of every immigrant who's come in here in the last twenty years."

Mrs. Pomeroy, the shabby woman, glanced up and smiled.

"They don't vary much. That's no test of competence."

Patsy Marlow slipped into her fur coat, slid her lovely hands into its pockets, hunting for her car key, and pushed back her chair.

"I'm a bad mother," she said. "My child may be howling for me this minute. I'm due home in fifteen minutes, and it's a toss-up whether I'll be there or in the police station if I try to make it. These seductive political discussions

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ruin my form as a mother. But, anyway, count me in for any earthly thing I can do. I'll see these people, and I'll even make a speech with my baby on my hip, if you want me to! You don't really anticipate any trouble, do you, Jean?"

The junior senator from Bass County shook her head.

"I don't think so. They've been wanting to recognize the women, they say. This particular commission is exactly right for Mrs. Pomeroy, and she hasn't any enemies that I can find. She's qualified, and it would please everybody. There's just one thing that occurs to me—"

MAY POMEROY'S shrewd, clear eyes lifted. "I wonder if we aren't thinking of the same thing," she said.

"Burton Chase?" asked Jean.

"Exactly."

"What's he got to do with it, for Heaven's sake?" inquired Patsy. "I thought he was out."

"He is out. That's just the trouble. That doesn't mean he's negligible. What are they going to do with him now?"

"Who cares what they do with him?" said the girl who wore the jewels. "That's his problem. If he'd spent more time looking after his constituency and less on Washington society, he might not have been kicked out so abruptly. Probably he spent all his energy on the Charleston. I saw him doing it last night at a party, and he certainly has found the perfect destiny for those long, lean legs of his. He was wasted in Congress."

Patsy digressed.

"I can't do more than three steps, Elizabeth. Do you suppose it's because I'm old? Still, Burton Chase has a decade or so more than I have to his credit. I always liked him myself. Anyway, as I was saying, or meant to say when I got around to it, what's he got to do with getting Mrs. Pomeroy appointed to the new Federal Immigration Commission?"

"He's a lame duck—that's all," Jean told her, "they let him out for party reasons and they have to take care of him somehow. They can't put him in as postmaster or collector of customs because those jobs are pretty well filled now. Of course I don't know that he wants this place, but they certainly owe Chase something, and it seems to be the only plum left on a pretty well-stripped tree."

"I'd like to see a woman have a plum for once," said Mrs. Vancil, in her caustic way, "even though overeating them seems to have given a good many men indigestion."

His voice had lost all flippancy. "You've somehow given me back some hope, Elizabeth"

Mrs. Pomeroy leaned forward to the fire, and the flames leaped up at that moment, throwing into relief the almost haggard contour of her face and its shadowed eyes. It was a face which obviously got no attention from the point of view of personal beautifying, but had been left exposed to the ravages of hard work and serious thought.

"Of course," she told them in her low, clear voice, "we mustn't go astray on the ground of finding me a job. That would make me your lame duck, which is out of the question. I wouldn't consider the appointment if it weren't that it may be possible to do more important and unhampered work from a national headquarters than it is out here. If they are going to put someone on the commission from this state, as does look likely, from that vacant place, of course I want it to be someone who isn't just a job hunter. Burton Chase is a rather decent politician, but he doesn't know or care about the immigrant population. Considering who beat him, he may have a grudge against all Swedes."

"You're the best person," said Jean Lane, "that's the beginning and end of the whole thing. That's what we want to make known. I guess we've pretty well settled how to start, anyway. You'll see those people as soon as you can, will you, Patsy?"

"No fear," called back Patsy, "they'll see me within the next few days. The grass doesn't grow under my feet while I'm learning the Charleston!"

THE five women went ways so separate that it seemed impossible that the deserted clubroom, where the fire flickered into ashes, could have held them so intimately. Elizabeth Holliday went home, but only for an hour, for she was dining out as soon as she had slipped into the dinner dress that was laid so carefully across the taffeta-covered bed. There was a fire in her bedroom, and she stood meditatively before it on a white fur rug and smoked another cigarette as she wondered what had happened to her pep and why dining and dancing got so unbearably on her nerves now and then. She almost regretted not having gone abroad with her mother and endured two months of large Continental hotels. But it had seemed so footless. Here or there, she bored herself.

Patsy Marlow was not bored. At home there was the delightful baby, chuckling at her, as if amused by her political interests, and she took him from his nurse and practiced a few dance steps with him, just to begin his education.

Nor was Mrs. Vancil bored. She had schooled herself not to be, even in the heavy silence of the great house of black native stone which had been left to her, unencumbered and unmarketable, on her husband's death. She ate an abstemious dinner in the big, ugly dining-room, and her mind stayed closely on the recent conference.

As for Jean Lane and May Pomeroy, they walked a couple of blocks together after they left the woman's club.

"Can you dine with me somewhere?" asked Jean. "We could go right on talking, then. Let's stop in at the Lyceum Café."

"I can't to-night. They'll be expecting me at home before this, I'm afraid."

That was what she nearly always answered, as Jean knew. No one ever urged her against her refusal, just as it was known that she would not often allow people to go out of their way and drive her home to the remote suburb where she lived. The two women said good night, and Jean walked on to her restaurant while Mrs. Pomeroy got on a surface car. There was no seat and she held one of the swinging straps above her head while overcoats pushed

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against her and the bundles of passengers nudged her thin sides. No one noticed her particularly. She was just another woman, weary, shabby, headed for some unimportant house or room.

The house where they expected her was a frame house, old and awkward, with one of the round towers of 1890 on the corner of its roof. As she went up the porch steps Mrs. Pomeroy could hear the sound of voices within, high and clattering, and see the group of her family already around the table in the dining-room.

"Here she is at last," someone greeted her complainingly as she took off her hat and came into the room where they sat, "when everything's cold, and we were just going to clear up."

MAY POMEROY took her place and helped herself from the dishes casually pushed her way. Everything was cold. Soggy potatoes, mashed turnips, the most uninteresting piece of steak, were left her.

"I think, May," said one of her sisters, "you ought to at least try to get to meals on time! We can't keep things waiting like this. It's too much to expect."

No one had kept anything waiting, apparently, but May Pomeroy allowed them their grievance. She always did that because all three of her sisters had a grudge against the world in being unmarried and a particular grievance against May because she had married without bringing any of them distinction. The death of Mr. Pomeroy and May's increasingly spectacular and important position in the world of women's clubs and politics had not appeased them. They had an air, these three women between forty and sixty, of being in such a state of mind that nothing would appease them for long or induce them to regard the world more highly. At the head of the table was a dried little man, with a sharp, avid face and a scanty growth of yellow-white hair. He cackled now with an unexpected and unmirthful laugh.

"In politics, eh," he said irrelevantly. "The crowing hen! The crowing hen!"

The sisters sniffed, not so much at the implied joke as at the crowing hen. Two of them left the table scatteringly, as did the old man, leaving May to pour her coffee, which was also chilled. The third sister began to clear up the dishes, particularly those around May.

"I've got to get through with the work some time to-night," she muttered.

May abandoned the coffee and rose to help her. She was rather deft about housework, concentrating her full attention on it, as she had on the problems at the woman's club, and bringing a new air of neatness to the unsavory kitchen, full of the fumes of fried steak.

"I'll wash, Esther," she said.

Esther made no objection. It was May who washed the dishes and scoured the tables, bringing the kitchen to a state of perfect cleanliness, though nothing could make its peeling plaster walls or sunken floor attractive. The circles under her eyes had blackened as she went into the living-room, where the rest of them sat, one with the evening paper, one bent over some papers which she had brought home from the school where she taught, and the old man before the radio, which was jarring unbearably through the air.

"I don't see why you bought that thing, May," said one of them irritably, "with all the things this house needs, why buy a radio? Has anyone paid that water and light bill, by the way?"

May nodded, the question being addressed to her as "anyone," and started toward the stairs. The voice of one of the others came after her.

"My, but you're sociable, May! All you do is come home, eat and go to your room. You act exactly as if this house was a boarding house. Why don't you try to save your own family some of your energy? If we were some of your political friends, like Miss Elizabeth Holliday or Mrs. Marlow, we'd be good enough to talk to, I suppose."

"You know you're not interested," said May, "in the things I'm working at."

"Can you blame anybody for not being interested in a lot of dirty immigrants? I should think you could get a better job than that Americanization work, or whatever you call it. Of all things that make me nervous that's the worst. You come home covered with germs every day and then wonder why a person objects," said the teacher, looking up from her papers.

Mr. Billings, turning his little wheel, drowned them out with a sudden violent jazz band and leaned back, grinning toothlessly. May went on upstairs.

MR. BILLINGS had unwittingly tuned in on the best dance orchestra in the city, which was playing at the Hotel Majestic. Just as the music came preposterously into the shabby room full of ill-adjusted people so it came into the ballroom of the Majestic where Burton Chase was dancing with Elizabeth Holliday. He was a handsome man, with an easy, relaxed bearing and a kind of pleasant cosmopolitan manner which he had adopted little by little during his years in Washington.

"I'll show you a new step," he said, "first we do the regular Charleston—now we break away from that—Charleston walk see—then—here we go—like this—"

She laughed breathlessly.

"Be easy with me, Mr. Chase. Remember there's no colored blood in me and go easy!"

"You're wonderful at it," he told her. "Ah, the music's stopped. Isn't that a shame, just when we're started? Those boys seem to be leaving their saxophones and going out for their supper too. Well, of all the hard luck I've ever had, this is the worst."

"Spread it thick," said Elizabeth, "I'm fond of applesauce."

"You're a difficult young woman," he told her, "you're bullet-proof as far as admiration goes, yet you certainly do tempt a person to try his marksmanship. Are you always like this?"

"Not always. This is my manner with congressmen."

There was a difference in the boy's eyes when Mrs. Pomeroy was done

"You should have a gentler one with retiring congressmen. Licked congressmen, one might say, need more sympathy."

Elizabeth couldn't help liking him. He had a wise and ironical mouth and amused eyes, and he certainly wasn't ashamed or afraid to refer to his defeat.

"Do you mind awfully not going back to Washington?" she asked. "I should think you would, after six years there."

"That's a much more sympathetic tone," he said gratefully. "Oh, I don't know. There may be compensations here—"

"No—seriously—I'm interested."

"Do I mind not going back? Why, I do go back to finish out my term. I go back as one of the lame ducks in Congress. And, after all, the future is full of surprises for us. My able and successful opponent might die or decide to give up his term in Congress and devote himself to learning English instead. It might be a good idea, at that. Then I could run again."

Elizabeth laughed, but she shook her sleek, graceful head in irritation at the same time.

"That's what annoys women. You won't be serious with us."

HE SOBERED. "Serious? That's what you want, is it? It's so hard to tell, and, after all, I haven't had a close-up of you since you were a leggy kid, Elizabeth. So you want me to be serious about being licked in the election? Well, I suppose no man likes to be done out of the job which he has been holding down as decently as was possible under the most adverse circumstances, by an agricultural gentleman whose chief qualification for the job is his nationality and the fact that in thirty years he has only learned to talk pidgin English. But if you want me to break down and cry about it, I'm afraid I prefer to do the Charleston."

"I should think you could have beaten him."

"Maybe I could," said Chase suddenly; "maybe that wasn't the game. Do you know anything about politics?"

She named her committees in the league and political clubs rather proudly.

"To be sure," he agreed, "but I mean do you know anything about politics? I'm not talking about the theory of politics or the study of government. I'm talking about politics as a few discreet women in Washington know it. Not as a game that is ever finished, not as a game with printed rules. You carry the rules in your head and rarely talk about them—never make speeches about them, as they do in these committees and leagues of yours."

"I don't like that kind of politics," said Elizabeth stoutly. "Dirty stuff!"

"Maybe. But the thing that the noble women and—beautiful girls—don't take into account is that politics is a game played with human beings who are cast up from all sorts of sources for all sorts of reasons. You've got to sort them out and make use of what you find. It isn't always a clean process, but it's very interesting."

"I don't see," she told him, "why, if you know all this, you let him beat you. They all say you didn't put up a fight. You know you didn't even come home to campaign."

Burton Chase regarded her thoughtfully. She was very pretty, but for the moment he wasn't thinking of her prettiness. Elizabeth guessed that he was about (*Continued on page 32*)

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Could you face it?

By HUGH LEAMY

Even an Apollo or a Cleopatra might fail to pass a movie test. The lynx-eyed camera is a subtle worker, and it shows up many whose beauty is only skin deep

Gilda Gray's light-blue eyes filmed miserably; shading made her an entrancing Aloma

Below: Beautifying W. C. Fields wouldn't have fitted the old game

Roberts

Below: "Never mind the eyes," boomed Sir Metro, and Norma Shearer went over big

Monroe

ON ANOTHER set a few steps away Richard Dix moved through a scene with the poise and ease of the experienced film player. Through the forbidding Positively-Keep-Out screens around our little group came the strains of gentle music that were the accompaniment of his work. But here, in a small space on a half-struck set, an obviously nervous, ill-at-ease girl laboriously performed the simple operation of opening a letter, while the camera clicked and the Kleig lights glared.

She was the center of attention. An assistant director called instructions to her in a low voice:

"Read it. Look away, as though something in it aroused memories. Drop it on the table."

She obeyed him: stiffly, mechanically.

"Smile."

On the not unlovely but frightened face there appeared a sickly, forced grin. The girl in the chair seemed on the verge of bursting into tears or bolting.

"Cut." The camera stopped.

"Save the lights"—from the chief electrician—and the ghastly blue glare died.

The girl rose—more naturally now—and walked off the set.

"There," said the director, "it didn't hurt a bit, after all, did it?"

She laughed timidly.

"It was ter-terrible. I wouldn't take another screen test for a million dollars."

"Well, that particular girl won't have to. But she will face the camera many times more. For when the 300-odd feet of celluloid that comprised her test was reeled off in the studio projection-room skilled movie makers recognized instantly the fact that underneath the nervousness there was a girl with that universally sought quality, movie possibilities.

Posing for a screen test is the first step to film stardom. It may be the last. For the pitiless camera more often than not rejects as movie material subjects who, to even the most experienced of screen-trained eyes, seem perfect movie possibilities.

All beginners must submit to such tests. The screen aspirant eagerly seeks an opportunity to undergo one. But when you realize that each test costs the studio from $75 to $200 it is easy to see why producers are not overfree with the magic orders entitling one to probation filming.

In rare cases is influence sufficient to obtain a screen test. It may serve as entrée, but an aspirant must be at least a strong possibility before the camera grinds. However, having a wire or two pulled within the studio is one way of achieving the goal.

And not all those who use pull to obtain a screen test are failures. There is, for instance, the daughter of a Supreme Court Justice, who was "shot" the other day at a big eastern studio. She went there recommended and introduced by Will Hays, the czar of filmdom. So it's safe to assume that she would have been given her chance even if the odds were against her getting by the test. But in this case the girl had real screen possibilities, and the camera proved it. She may be a star soon after you read this.

If the gods are especially favorable, you may be spotted by an alert movie maker and invited to submit to a screen test. This happens a little more frequently than—well, than a bootlegger goes bankrupt. But not much more.

There's a girl named Jane Winton who is climbing up the film ladder today as a result of such an invitation. Adolph Zukor was lunching one day at the Ritz-Carlton in New York when he noticed a girl and an elderly woman at a near-by table. The girl was slim, with auburn hair and striking deep blue eyes. After studying her for a while Zukor sent his card over to her with a scribbled invitation to take a test.

Miss Winton had never until that moment thought of trying for the screen. But who can resist a golden invitation such as that? The test was a vindication of Zukor's camera eye, and Miss Winton has already played successfully in a number of pictures.

In somewhat different fashion Jesse Lasky not long ago stumbled on a young man who is well along his movie way by now. Mr. and Mrs. Lasky were at a New York theatre one opening night, and between the acts the movie man went out into the lobby to smoke. He noticed a rather tall, dark young man lounging about and instantly spotted him as a movie type. But he hesitated.

Returning to his seat, he told Mrs. Lasky: "There's a young chap in the house to-night who'd be a winner on the screen. But I haven't any idea who he is, and I hesitate to approach him."

During the second intermission Lasky hurried to the promenade, and there he again saw the man who had caught his eye. He sought out the house manager and others of his acquaintance, but none knew who the man was. At last, as Lasky was debating whether to take the bull by the horns, the young man walked up.

"Mr. Lasky?" he asked diffidently.

The movie maker nodded.

"Mr. Lasky, I—er—hope you'll pardon my approaching you like this, but I've been trying to see you at your office for the last two months, and I haven't been able to get past the gate. I'm awfully anxious—that is, I think I might film well, and I thought maybe you might be willing to arrange a—"

"Screen test!" boomed Lasky delightedly. "Jumping Jupiter, yes! Here's my card. Be at my office at ten o'clock to-morrow, and I'll go over to the studio with you myself."

Everybody Has a Chance

HERE again the screen test panned out favorably and another film find was recorded. The young man's name is Anthony Jowitt. You haven't heard much of him yet. He played in "The Coast of Folly," (*Continued on page 49*)

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Anabel adds a sultan to the lengthening list of men who have hoped to be her husband

Illustrated by CHARLES LASSELL

"You must not be left alone now." The dark eyes, friendly, interested, were full on her

Sagging South

By SAMUEL MERWIN

THROUGH the shimmering hush of the China Sea the liner Sargasso, bound south to Singapore, plowed a lazy, opalescent furrow; seven hundred feet of sleek black hull below, piled-up white cabin structures above, funnels and masts towering over all, decks scrubbed to a shine, brasswork glinting in the merciless sunlight. A miniature cosmos, the Sargasso, her crew of hundreds of human creatures living and working in a well-oiled discipline of which the four hundred tourists, themselves settled long since into a routine of languid comfort, were only dimly conscious.

Emmy Bransfield, lying in her chair on Deck B, lifted her eyes from the closely scribbled volume in her lap and breathed "My word!" The book was Anabel Cayne's journal.

Who'd have suspected that demure child of plunging into such a series of adventures? Right under their noses too! She turned back to page one and with lifted eyebrows read what was inscribed there in a neat, square hand—"My Ten Commandments. . . . 1. Smile, keep quiet, and never let a man guess what you're thinking. . . . 2. Never show surprise. . . . 3. Accept any amount of entertainment, but refuse expensive gifts. . . . 4. Never be shocked. . . . 5. You may oppose a man on grounds of personal inclination or taste, but never on moral grounds. ["The little devil!" thought Emmy.] 6. Always encourage the man to talk about himself. He will." . . . and on to No. 10: "When you're sure you've found the right man, forget the other nine commandments."

Emmy closed the book. Down along the rail the scandalous flapper Gertie Hubbard stood with the equally scandalous young Jimmy Belcher. If it had been Gertie, now, the thing would have been understandable, but Anabel Cayne! A twenty-four-year-old librarian person from Coventry, Mass., a Wellesley girl at that, to plunge with every cent she owned into this world cruise. Gamble on finding a husband before the ship should dock again at New York. Go after men as experimentally as a scientist goes after bugs. Bob her pretty hair, throw aside her flat shoes and long skirts for costumes as scantily modern as Gertie Hubbard's. Simply leap. . . . Well!

A light step sounded up forward. Here she was, a provocatively attractive little person. Very trim, very quiet and cool. Looking a bare twenty. Who'd suspect? Emmy smiled faintly as the girl dropped into the next chair. It was going to be difficult to hit on just the right thing to say.

"HAVE I given you time to read it?" asked Anabel, smoothing her skirt over as much of her slim legs as it was designed to cover.

Emmy nodded reflectively. "Yes, I've read it."

"Well"—uncertainly was this said—"what do you think of me?"

"Mm. . . . You've fooled me."

"In a way, I had to. At least, you can't really—"

"No, really, you can't. But"—Emmy chuckled softly—"my dear, the things you've been up to!"

"I know." Rueful, this. "But . . ."

"Imagine you, when I thought you safe in the ship, running off to a cockfight in Panama with Hervey Westall, actually on the point of eloping with him to Buenos Aires. My dear, that was touch and go. The toss of a coin."

"It's been pretty much all touch and go. I'm beginning to wonder if all life isn't. Just that."

"Well . . . of course" (again the chuckle; Emmy, all said and done, responded brightly to high color), "but all this other devilment! Packing your clothes to elope with that mad movie hero when I supposed you were only saving Gertie from him."

"It twisted around that way, but—"

"And working yourself up to the very point of marrying Mr. Ufford. Why—"

"That was pretty much your fault, Emmy."

"I may have advised you to look about among the older men."

"You egged me on."

"Well, but that Japanese." . . . Emmy shivered.

"He killed himself for me," mused Anabel. Her eyes filled.

"And that adventure on the Yangtze River, when I dreamed you—"

"I've certainly dreamed since," put in Anabel. It was her turn to shiver. "I saw that man's head cut off."

"Turning to pleasanter subjects, there you were in Peking. . . ."

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"That didn't turn out so pleasantly either." Anabel fell silent and gazed out at the flying fish.

"I know, my dear, but really, to plan an elopement with the Manchu Emperor, with him giving you those marvelous presents and . . . I will say this, though" (Emmy shut the volume with a snap), "you haven't hesitated to put it all down in black and white."

"I suppose I've got a sort of kick out of that," observed Anabel. "Writing it all out. I've cried over it some."

"After which" (Emmy's voice took on a dry note) "you've left it lying around here in your chair for days and weeks on end. Anybody might have picked it up. Maybe somebody has."

"I—I'm afraid I have been a little careless."

"Careless? My word! With names, dates and places. *And* motions. You know how gossip runs round this ship. Has it occurred to you what Gertie Hubbard over there might do if she once got her hands on this cute little book? She'd raise . . . well, hell."

"I suppose she would," breathed Anabel, with a frightened, helpless feeling.

"Why did you want me to read it?" asked Emmy.

"Well"—Anabel was again smoothing that apology for a skirt—"you did know in a general way what I was up to. And I seem to have reached a point where . . . I don't know quite how to say it. I don't even seem to know exactly what it is. But something seems to be happening to me." She hesitated, then continued, doggedly: "You see, when I started out, with that set idea of finding a husband, I realized that I'd have to let myself go some. I'm afraid the adventuresomeness of it appealed to me too. But now when I try to make myself look it in the face, I . . . well, it's pretty bewildering." She lay back motionless, desperately thinking; then came out with this, "What is love anyway?"

Emmy didn't try to answer.

"I never supposed my emotions could get so mixed."

"They can get out of hand if they're stirred too often."

"I see that now. But . . . I'm scared. That's it. I rather think that I need . . . well, advice."

EMMY was thinking back. All through her twenties she had been a favorite in musical comedy along Broadway. She had learned that a girl's emotional life can be confused beyond endurance and had herself achieved rescue by marrying a wealthy, elderly invalid.

"You see" (Anabel, troubled and persistent), "another matter has come up."

"You mean something you haven't written here?"

The girl nodded mournfully. "There appear to be some things that even I hesitate to put down in black and white."

"Not another man?"

Anabel nodded again.

"I suppose," thus Anabel, "that there is something in the old idea of the confessional. Some deep human need. Here's what scares me, Emmy. Until lately there's always been something pretty strong inside me, something like a steel spring, that's brought me back to my standards when I've found my imagination wandering. I've always counted on that. But lately . . . I don't know what's the matter . . . it doesn't seem to work. I'm afraid I'm . . . well, a little disorganized."

"You're pretty far from home," suggested Emmy. "And then there's the climate. I've always understood that we Nordics tend to go rather lax out here in the East. Who's this new man?"

"Well . . . I suppose I'd better tell you. He's . . . he's married."

"That doesn't sound too good, dear."

"I know. His wife's sickly. They came on the cruise, really, for her health. And I'm afraid she doesn't understand him altogether—how vital he is and the urge in him to live vigorously."

"Has he been talking that stuff to you?"

"Oh, not crudely. But . . ."

"Are you going to tell me who he is?"

"It's" (Anabel's mouth twisted into a faint and by no means happy smile) "Harding Hull."

"Of all things!" Emmy squinted out at those unbelievable islands. There was no better-behaved man among the more than a hundred on the cruise. A brilliant young banker, not yet forty. A quiet man. Steady. Strong. Witty in a dry, reserved way. Very good-looking. M'm! Queer. Or perhaps not so queer, when you stopped to think. And as she stopped to think, Emmy's eyes filled.

"Well," she said concealing an inner panic, "it can't have gone very far."

"Farther than you'd think."

"But . . . my word! . . . here I've seen you both about the ship for months, ever since we left New York. And I've never supposed he so much as looked at you."

"Funny about that," said Anabel, crisply enough. "I mean how you can be cooped up with a man on the ship for such a long time without ever giving him a thought, and then some unsuspected little thing happens and he pops right out at you."

SHE paused in an effort to arrange her thoughts.

"It was at Hongkong. The day we climbed the peak. At the last minute there weren't enough chairs. You weren't along. Neither was his—his wife. He and I were left, and so we walked up. The most natural thing in the world. I don't remember quite how it . . . I mean, without our realizing . . . but before long we were talking about ourselves, and it began to seem daring and pretty intimate and exciting. I could see that he was getting . . . you know, interested in me. I decided not to see him again. Alone, I mean. You see, I couldn't help feeling sorry for him. And then, the first night out of Hongkong, my room was hot, and I went up on the boat deck, late, to get the air and try to think a little. I was feeling low. Rather desperate about things. And I ran bang into him. He was trying to think too."

"Hmm!" came from Emmy.

An anxious brown face bent over hers. "Oh!" she breathed. "It's you!"

"Yes. That's how it was. The next day I told him it wouldn't do, and he agreed. We avoided each other. And then at Manila we fell across each other again, and all at once we found ourselves farther along than ever. It began to look like fate."

"Hmm!" again.

"Well"—Anabel was determined to tell it all—"I couldn't just wave it aside. It was real. And pretty hard to handle. We kept fighting each other off. But just the same we've met every night up topside. You don't know how we've fought it. He hates the dodging around and so do I. He—he loves me.'"

"I wonder. Sometimes, dear, it's love (whatever love is) and sometimes it's just restlessness."

"I've thought of that."

"I'd picture him as a man who wouldn't thrive in this sort of idleness. He's been the driving kind. High-strung and all."

"I've told him that. Oh, we've talked and talked and talked."

"But what's come of it?" Emmy's concern was evident.

Anabel lay very still in her chair. "He wants to tell his wife," she said, weakly.

"Oh, but . . ."

"I wouldn't let him. Tried to make him see that we may wake up and find it was just the circumstances. All this"—she moved a listless hand to include ship, sea, islands and softly burning tropical sky—"is unreal, of course. That we might both feel altogether different once we were back among our own folks, in our own climate. Ashamed of ourselves."

"You've hit on a truth there," said Emmy, adding darkly, "I guess we'll all feel different when we're back in New York. Even in Europe."

"I'm dreading Singapore."

"Why?"

"Oh . . . it begins to look as if there'd be some sort of climax there. We're being carried along. Pretty fast. He says we've got to get some place where we can talk it out. Settle it."

"But what on earth has talk got to do with it?"

"I don't know." Anabel spread her small hands. He's got a sort of irresistible energy in him. He sweeps you along. We'll be at Singapore in the morning, you know. The crowd will all be going ashore. He wants me to wait till they've gone and then meet him at the pier. Drive somewhere for tiffin."

"I wouldn't."

"Of course. But the trouble is, I—"

"You want to?"

Slowly Anabel nodded. . . .

IT WAS nearly dinner time. When Anabel had gone below decks to her minimum-rate cabin, Emmy Bransfield moved slowly toward the suite on Deck A where her husband lay in care of a nurse. That husband wasn't standing the heat very well. But her thoughts hung on Anabel. She was really worrying now. Something had to be done. Something.

An erect figure stood by the rail. Harding Hull.

"Aren't these mirages fascinating," she remarked, taking him in with cool eyes that belied her emotional state.

"Very."

"The night ashore will be a relief. Though I doubt if it will be much cooler." (*Cont'd on page 40*)

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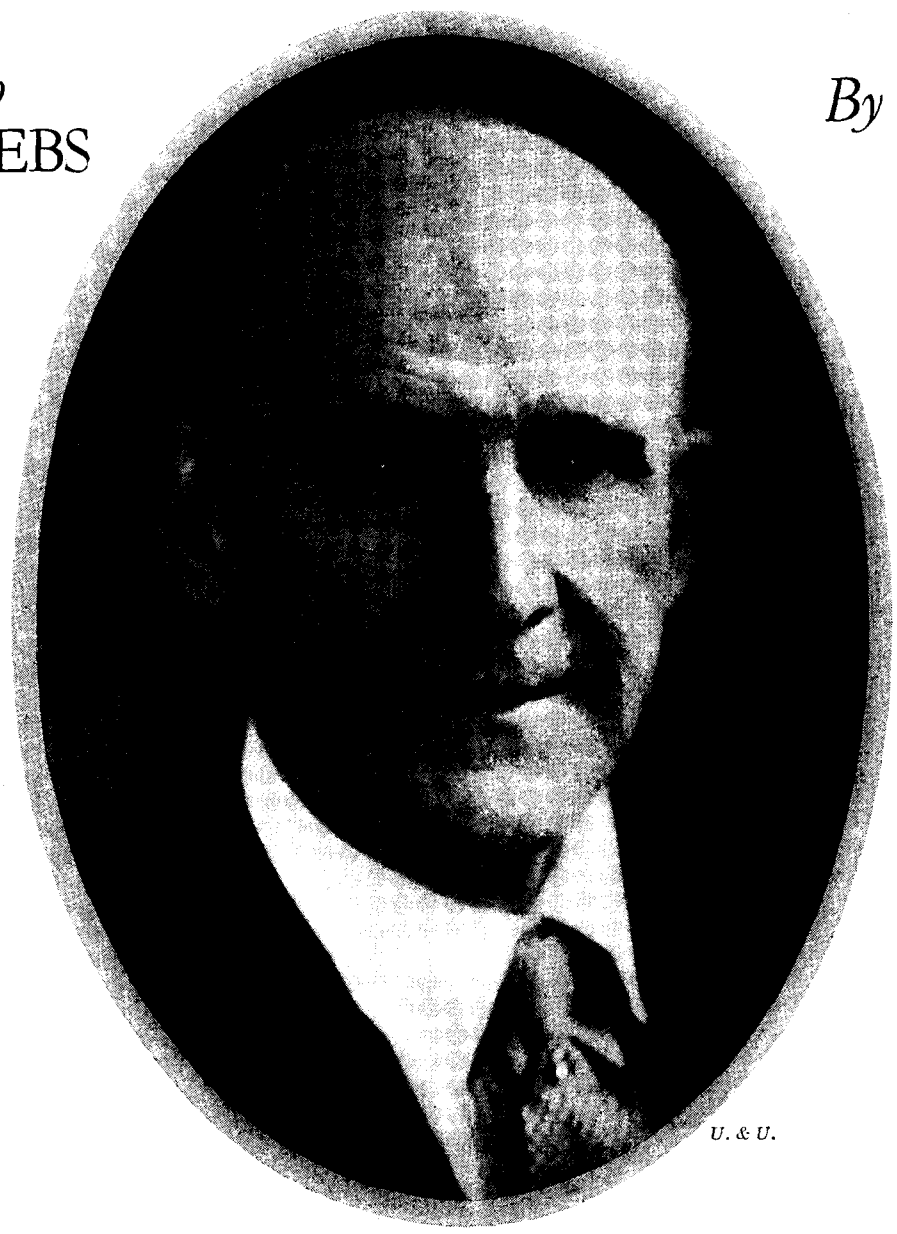
The Great Dreamer

An interview with EUGENE V. DEBS

By ARTHUR ROBINSON



U. & U.

A FEW weeks before Eugene Debs died, Mr. Robinson, for Collier's, submitted some questions to him. The answers, given in this interview, give you a picture of Debs' mind and his ideals. Whether you believe that Debs was inspired or deluded there is no question that he was loved as well as he was hated. He polled nearly a million votes for the Presidency while occupying a cell in a federal penitentiary. He dared all for his beliefs and no vicissitude was great enough to shake his faith that his principles would provide the key to a better world, perfect happiness and the ultimate moral redemption of the race.

IT IS the custom of tolerant folk when considering the case of Eugene V. Debs to say, "Well, anyhow, he was sincere."

That sincerity, beautiful and intense, covered a multitude of political sins and theories. It led Debs to jail. It caused him to be mobbed and called names: traitor, anarchist, damphool Socialist, and other things more frankly and violently profane.

He has been the symbol of all the contempt which fanatical Socialists have aroused; and when he died the other day, at the age of seventy-one, he was a man without a country, shorn of his citizenship for violating the Espionage Act during the war.

Was he bitter, this old man to whom his friends James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field used to write songs of affection?

Did his views change?

What did he think of this, and of that—of the average man's mind; of politics and affairs of the nation; of machinery and its influence on the advance of civilization; of science; of modern morals; of the modern young woman?

What was his opinion regarding the ablest man now engaged in public life, and why? What was his conception of the Plain Man and His Wife—politically, socially, intellectually, spiritually, economically?

These and other questions I asked him of whom the unemotional encyclopedia says, "Because of his likable personality, Debs has commanded the respect . . . even of those who do not accept his economic doctrines."

The man who was five times the Socialist candidate for President—the last time while he languished in a cell in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta—did not change; it was not expected that he would.

America Should Disarm

NOR was he bitter. His head was bloody but unbowed and to the end he dreamed of better days to come. Within the capacity of his diminishing physical force he always strove for the advancement of the common good (as *he* conceived it) with the same zeal and devotion that impelled him to step out of a locomotive caboose more than half a century ago to enlist in the ranks of those whose function it is to cry aloud in a wilderness of protest.

The interview, then, begins.

Question: "Mr. Debs, do you believe the League of Nations will prevent war? Do you believe that war will ever be impossible, human nature being what it is?"

Mr. Debs: "The League of Nations, as at present constituted, representing, as it does, rival nations, cannot and will not prevent war. The Hague Peace Tribunal has existed and held regular sessions over a period of many years but all its efforts to harmonize the relations of member nations and prevent war proved vain and futile.

"Nations that deem it necessary to arm themselves against each other, especially those claiming to be Christian nations, will never put an end to war or bring peace to the world while they maintain that spirit and attitude.

"But war will one day be outlawed and banished forever from the face of the earth as a hideous and monstrous abomination. That time will come only when modern nations are really civilized and treat war as race murder, and when exploitation ceases at home and competition abroad for control of the market comes to an end.

"If the United States had sufficient faith in its own moral rectitude to disarm completely on its own individual account and hold up its naked hands before the world, it would compel general disarmament by the force of its moral example."

Question: "What, Mr. Debs, do you think of the average man's mind?"

Mr. Debs: "I confess with reluctance that I can only contemplate with pity the weakness of the average man's mind. It is only the rare and exceptional man who has the capacity to think and who actually does think. The thinkers are the leaders and saviors of mankind; but, alas, how few, how pathetically few, are the thinkers born in a century!

The Thinker Persecuted

"THE state of the average man's mind is revealed in his reception and treatment of the thinker. In every age the thinker, the pioneer, the pathfinder has been the persecuted victim of the man with the average mind.

"The average man has not yet reached the point where he has the mentality, courage and independence to think for himself. As a matter of fact he is ruled by his instincts and does not really think at all. He votes, as a rule, as his father did, professes the same creed, and has about the same habits and tendencies, the same narrow and restricted conceptions of life.

"But the average man, fortunately, is a potential thinker; he has latent mental powers which may be quickened and set in operation by educative processes."

Question: "What do you think of machinery with respect to its influence on the advance of civilization?"

Mr. Debs: "The application of the machine to industry has re-created and is reshaping the destiny of the world.

"There seems to be no limit to the development of machinery nor to the harnessing of the forces of nature in the service of man.

A Shorter Workday

"THE machine has completely disorganized and made impossible the industrial and social order in which it had its origin, and all sorts of complications have since followed. It will be a long time yet before people in the aggregate understand the meaning and mission of the machine and adjust themselves to its sweeping changes in a reorganized social order wherein machinery will function freely as the great emancipating power and prove itself to be a blessing of inestimable value not only to those who toil with their hands but to all classes of mankind.

"The machine is gradually transforming our entire industrial equipment into one vast productive mechanism. Ultimately the workday will be reduced for all; there will be leisure for recreation, joy and self-improvement for all; wealth in every necessary form will be produced in abundance for all; and for the first time in history poverty, the arch-foe of humanity, may be totally abolished and all its vast brood of evils forever banished from the world."

Question: "Who, in your opinion, is the ablest man now engaged in public service?"

Mr. Debs: "Vladimir Karapetoff, the successor of Charles Proteus Steinmetz as Chief Consulting Engineer of the General Electric Company and head of the College of Electrical Engineering in Cornell University.

"Professor Karapetoff is not only one of the leading scientific minds of his age and an electrical genius of the first rank but he is also an author of scientific works, a poet and writer of rare charm and power, a composer of classical music and a skilled musician. Best of all, he has not only consecrated all his extraordinary gifts and powers to the service of his fellow men but also stands foremost in the advocacy of a world in which every human being shall have equal opportunity with every other to develop and express the best there is in him in the service of the greatest good of all."

Question: "What do you think of modern morals?"

Mr. Debs: "Modern morals are, in their main features, the reflex of modern economics. It is quite evident that our economic relations largely determine our moral conduct toward one another. Men and women (*Continued on page 39*)

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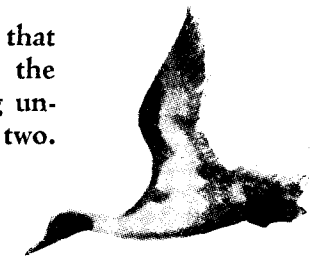
Johnny get your Gun

YOICKS! Yoicks! Tally-ho. D'ye ken John Peel—and all that sort of thing. Here are some of the thrills and some of the embarrassing moments of the pursuit of this and that, all falling under the head of hunting, in case you should wonder about one or two.



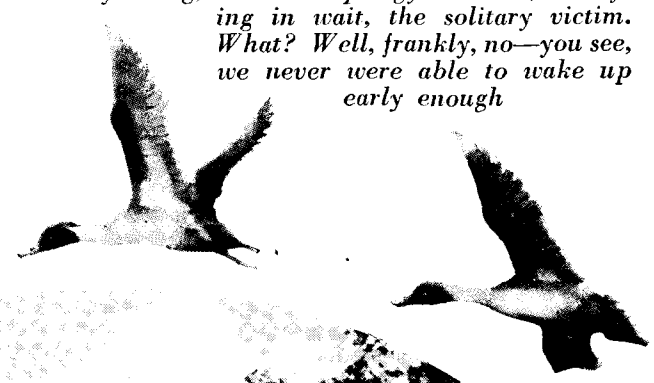
Boyer

At the left: When Devastating Dolores goes a-hunting, all the little birds and beasts (in season) hasten joyously to die for her. And stealing a respectful glance at Dolores, who shall say they're witless?

© Herbert

Wide World

Duck shooting. Ah, there's a sport for you. The early rising, the nice squidgy marshes, the lying in wait, the solitary victim. What? Well, frankly, no—you see, we never were able to wake up early enough



Wide World

The end of the chase. Unless the dogs suddenly lose interest, yon deer's picturesque features will be hanging over somebody's mantel before long

Keystone

At the right: Unburdened by clothing or years, seven shameless bathers stand a chance of eluding the pursuing birch rod. They're efficiently costumed for the hunt

Wide World

At the left: A profitable day's work slung over this timber-wolf hunter's shoulder

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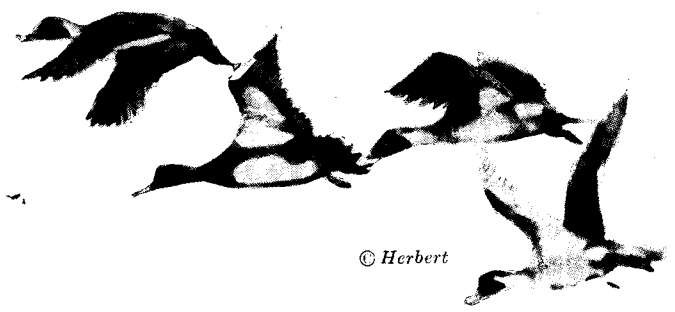

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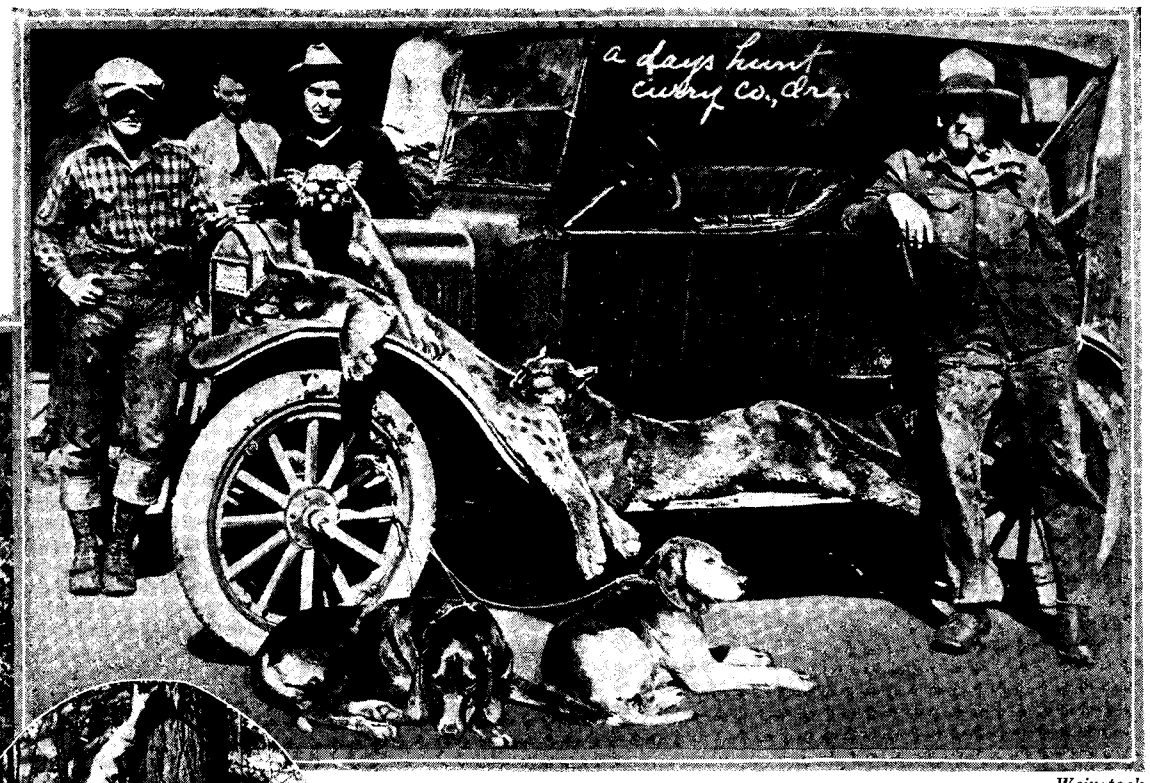
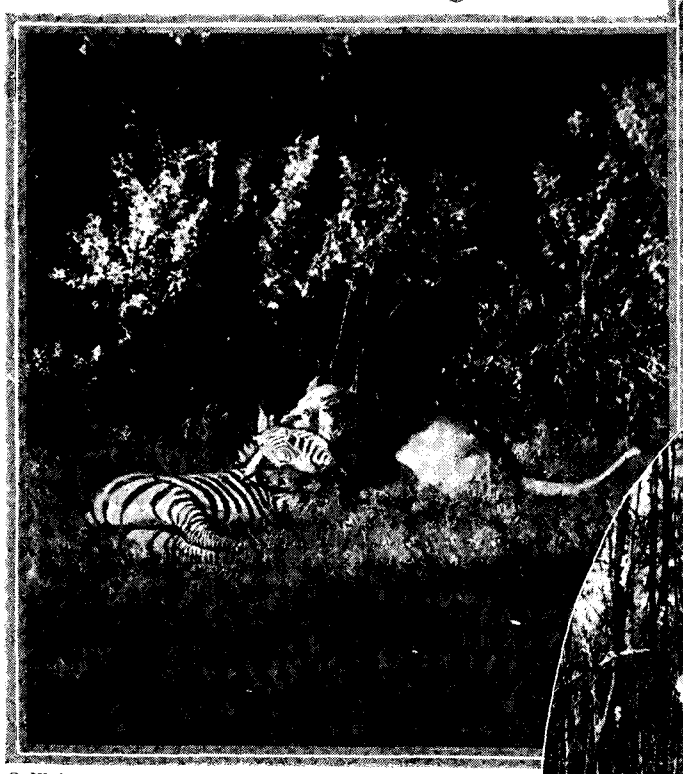


Weinstock

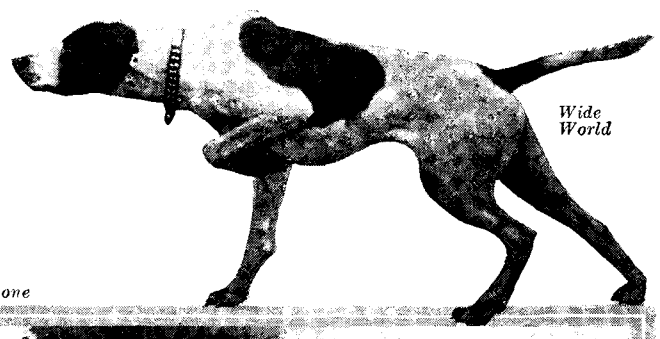
The family flivver staggers home draped with fur after a day's cougar hunt in Curry County, Oregon



© Klein

Rarely do you see an action photograph like this one of a thrashing tussle between lion and zebra. Being selected as a lion's breakfast is equivalent to being nominated on the Democratic ticket in Texas. Election is certain

At the left: "Oh, Lordy, Lordy, if you won't help me, for goodness' sake doan' help 'at bear." Maybe there's a bold rescuer with a gun behind the camera, but the odds seem to be considerably in Bruin's favor



Wide World

© Keystone

© Wide World

When jungle parents can't make their youngsters toe the line any other way they remind them that the Roosevelts will get them if they don't watch out. You know what happens when you turn a bearer of the famed name loose. The lady (Mrs. Kermit) and the tiger

Wide World

Arthur Young finds hunting with a rifle so boring that he stalks big game with a bow and arrow. He didn't need the spare. Which was just as well when you consider how sensitive lions are

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"Stop it!" old Eben barked. "If you women have got to go in for shameless bedizenments, you can do it at home"

A Short Short Story

Vanity

By ELMER DAVIS

Here's a story with an expensive moral, but the woman doesn't pay

Illustrated by HAMILTON FYFE

FROM the ground-glass door marked "Private" emerged a red, rotund gentleman, with the skinny figure of old Eben Pellew close behind him; they paused beside the flat desk where Miss Poppy Gorman was transcribing the contents of her notebook to the typewritten page.

"Then if you'll draw up the contract, Mr. Pellew," said the rotund one, "my partner and I will be in at two-thirty with the certified check. I think that plot is about ripe for development—"

"No doubt, Mr. Carpenter. Out of my line, of course—"

Pellew bowed his caller out; then, turning:

"Miss Gorman, draw up a bill of sale—"

He stopped. Held high in Miss Gorman's shapely hand was an open vanity case and, guided by the reflection in its tiny mirror, Miss Gorman was powdering a pale and slender nose.

"Stop it!" old Eben barked. "Put that thing up. This office is no place for flappers. If you women have got to go in for shameless bedizenments, you can do it at home. Next time I see you use that thing, or that stick of paint you were smearing on your mouth yesterday, out you go."

Silent and sullen, Miss Gorman shut the compact with a click.

"Shameless bedizenments!" old Eben grumbled. "Vanity of vanities—well, you young women that go in for vanity have got to be ready to pay the price, and the price is your job next time I see you makin' up in this office. Now get me out that contract; got to be ready for those fellows."

Half an hour later Miss Gorman leaned pensively against the drug-store counter where the less opulent denizens of the Pellew Building ate lunch.

"I've stood about enough off of him," she complained, turning from a loganberry sundae to a lettuce sandwich. "All the same, twenty-two a week is good money for a stenographer in this town, even if I do all his notary work. . . . But he makes me sick."

Young Bob Adee, who handled collections for Eben Pellew, Inc., thoughtfully rolled a cigarette.

"His bark is a lot worse than his bite, Poppy. You know, I'm kind of sorry for the poor old boy. I don't suppose he ever saw a good-looking woman close up—outside the office, I mean. He had a hard rub when he was a kid—had to support the family. That's why he's never married. Lives up there on the hill with a couple of old-maid sisters—it's a tough life. We're young, and he never was; no wonder he's a crab. Besides, he'll be happier when he closes that deal this afternoon."

"That Lower River tract? Yeah, I drew the contract. But all he gets is thirty thousand—just what he paid for it."

"I know," said Bob. "But he picked that up three years ago when he thought they were going to build a levee. If they had, it would have been worth eighty thousand as a factory site—but they didn't. Now Carpenter & Weiss have an idea they can use it for a cheap residential development. I think they're crazy, but they'll pay him thirty thousand, and he's out nothing but his taxes on what looked like a big loss. That'll make him so happy he won't say boo for a month."

"Maybe," said Poppy. "But it certainly makes me sore to hear him bawling about vanity. As if he wasn't full of his own kind of vanity—thinks he knows it all and invented most of it. Oh, well—"

BUT Miss Gorman spent the rest of her lunch hour on a park bench in the sunshine and came back more charitably minded toward her boss. Really, she was sorry for the poor old prune.

On her heels came the rotund Mr. Carpenter and his partner, and in the lobby of the Pellew Building Mr. Carpenter wiped his moist, red face.

"Gosh," he sighed, "I never thought this could be put over on old Eben. I won't believe it till the contract's signed. If he got the least suspicion that the levee was going to be built after all, he'd clean up fifty thousand—"

"Five minutes more," said his partner, "and the deed is done. But for Pete's sake try not to look guilty—you give the show away."

Four and a half minutes later Eben Pellew picked up his fountain pen and bent over the contracts on his desk. Across his shoulders Mr. Carpenter looked at Mr. Weiss; and Poppy Gorman, ready with her notarial implements, sensed a relief of tension—and with it the suspicion of dampness on her nose. Well, the boss wasn't looking—she turned her back and whipped out her vanity case. The tiny mirror showed her a slender alabaster nose—and showed her, behind her shoulder, the rotund face of Mr. Carpenter, beaming on Mr. Weiss, and twisted in a portentous wink. . . . She turned sharply.

"Mr. Pellew!" He looked up from the half-scrawled signature. Poppy turned toward the door. "Come here a minute—please."

"Huh?" gasped old Eben, and then his eyes lit on the gold compact in her hand. He sat up, his fingers drumming the desk. "What did I tell you this morning?" he barked. "The next time you made up your face in this office—you're fired! Right now!"

"But, Mr. Pellew—"

"Don't you try your blandishments on me. I warned you that you got to pay the price of vanity. No place for flappers here, young woman. Get out!"

"Oh!" said Poppy. "Well, speaking of vanity, you've got a lot yourself. But if— No, never mind. You told me to get out—and here I go."

As the door slammed behind her old Eben grunted and bent once more over the desk. . . .

"Well!" breathed Mr. Weiss when they were out on the street, with the contract safe in his pocket. "That was a close one. That girl smelt a rat somewhere. If the old boy hadn't flown off the handle—"

Carpenter grinned. "Anyway," he observed, "we know the price of vanity. Nothing for her—she can get another job. But for old Eben, it's fifty thousand dollars."

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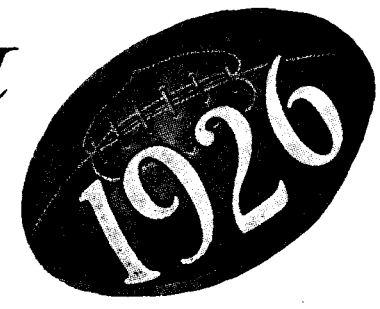
The Real All-America



Football stars are twinkling everywhere. Picking the best won't be easy this year

By GRANTLAND RICE

WHEN the tenth All-America football team—the team of 1898—was selected for Collier's by Walter Camp there was considerable wigwagging of tongues over the appearance of a new name from a new gridiron territory.

The name was Herschberger. The man who bore it was Chicago University's fullback.

Up to that momentous and historical football episode about 99 per cent of the All-America selections had run to Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Pennsylvania, with a lone outside vote for Wyckoff of Cornell.

The appearance of a name from the Middle West was a revolutionary turn, as they had just quit using player-coaches in that sector a short while before. There was one year, for example, when Alonzo Stagg was coach, captain and star player for Chicago University. After being injured he refereed the game between Chicago and Illinois.

If you can imagine Tad Jones playing against Princeton this month and then refereeing the game between Harvard and Yale you can get the general drift of the change which the romping years have wrought.

It was on Walter Camp's fifteenth All-America team (picked in 1903) that the second name from this outlying football section started further chatter through the gridiron world. That name was Heston, Michigan, halfback.

85 Arguses in the Wind-up

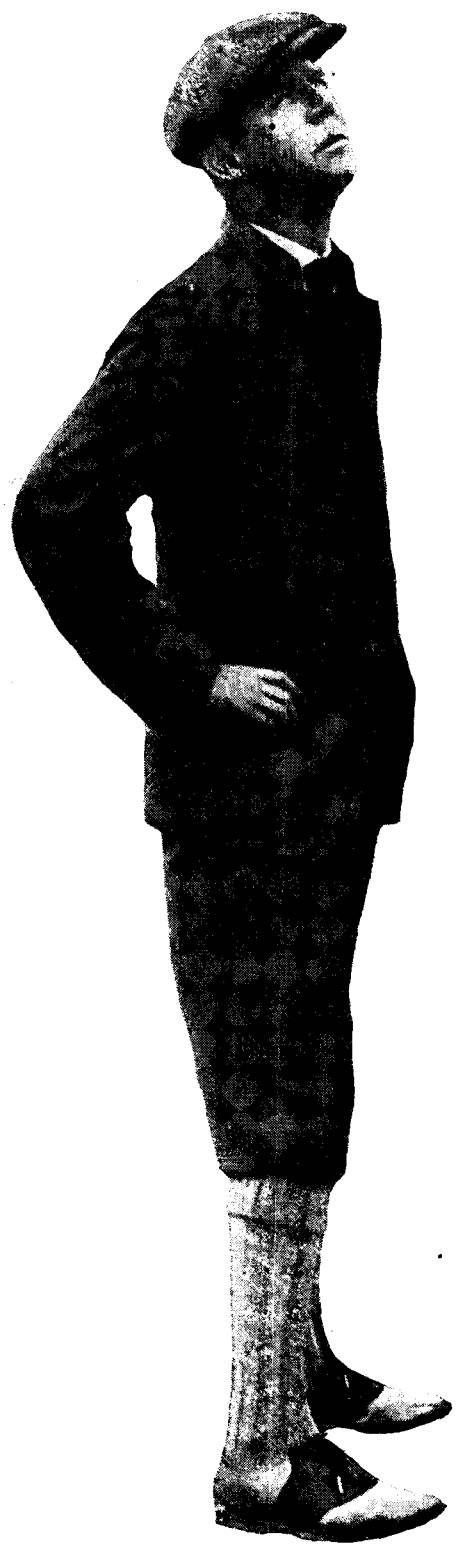
SENECA of the Indians, Warner of Cornell and Bunker of West Point had invaded the select ranks in the meanwhile, but Heston of Michigan was the second Western player to be named fifteen years after the All-America roll call had been sounded.

In the campaigns that have followed, year by year, the situation has become just a trifle more complex and confused, with perhaps a few extra leagues of territory to take in. For last fall, while Yale, Harvard and Princeton were contributing one lone name among them to the all-star cast, the trumpets were blaring the fame of such men as Wildcat Wilson of Washington University; Swede Oberlander, who was passing and running his way to glory in the quaint New England town of Hanover, N. H.; Ernie Nevers of Stanford, Cal.; Pooley Hubert of Alabama; Peggy Flournoy of Tulane; Benny Friedman of Michigan; Red Grange of Illinois. And in every state beneath the flag there was a big hullabaloo over the various gridiron favorites.

From 1890 to 1900, when only four or five teams carried any great merit to the field, picking the All-America team was comparatively easy. The possibility of any outside teams beating Yale, Harvard, Princeton or Pennsylvania in those days was not even worth considering.

The outsider, as a rule, was grateful when only 30 or 40 points were scored against his battered and disorganized phalanx. Yet the present season had barely opened before both Geneva and Holy Cross had beaten Harvard, while Washington and Lee had held Princeton to a 7-7 tie.

Thirty years ago a coach gave three cheers when he could pick up some big husky who could step lively, even though he had never seen a football before. Only a few weeks ago an old-timer went out to see his son, aged 13, playing in a small school game and his eyes came near popping out as he saw kids from 13 to 15 throwing passes like a Dooley or a Friedman, kicking spirals and drop-kicking goals from the field. He saw young kids handling a football as he once handled a baseball, using a variety of formations which the star teams of the 90's never even dreamed about.



Grantland Rice strains his eyes trying to make out the stars

A trifle over thirty years ago there were less than 1,000 football players between the two coasts. When the call sounded this fall over 200,000 between the ages of 12 and 22 answered, and most of these were well trained and well coached.

To-day there are from 6,000 to 10,000 coaches and trainers directing the football destinies of the fall, where numerous stars are "born to buck unseen, and waste their greatness on the small-team air," so far as any extended publicity goes.

There has been a big change in selecting the All-America cast in the past few years. It is now largely a matter of naming the most consistent performers in certain big games, those involving the championship of the Western Conference, the mythical Eastern title, and the Pacific Coast, Southern, Missouri Valley, and various intersectional wars that swing east and west and south.

It is impossible, of course, for a half dozen Arguses to view all the proceedings, and the only recourse now is personal inspection supplemented with the opinions of coaches, officials and football writers kind enough to send in extended reasons for naming Jones, Smith, Brown or What-not for the laurel-crowned caravan that forms and marches at the finish amid mingled cheers and squawks.

Last fall, as the final game was played, there came to this writer no less than eighty-five telegraph messages from coaches, officials and football reporters detailing the closing actions of certain stars who had been among the leaders through the year.

It is interesting to begin checking up on the nominations sent through early in October, where by the first or second games enthusiastic alumni have their lists prepared with complete evidence of their favorites' All-America greatness.

The Leading Candidates

THESE lists come in from more than a hundred universities and colleges, many of them but dimly known. Undoubtedly many of these small colleges have their stars of fine ability whose only misfortune is to be out of range of the ballyhoo and the publicity which others get.

When the present season opened it was easy to see that the main trouble would come again in the selection of an all-star backfield. Heavy October mail began to prove this early. For among the better known candidates early in action there were Friedman and Molenda of Michigan; Dooley, Lane and McPhail of Dartmouth; Marek and Karow of Ohio State; Slagle of Princeton; Rogers and Wascolonis of Pennsylvania; Peters and Lanum of Illinois; Bunnell and Noble of Yale; Kutsch of Iowa; Joesting and Almquist of Minnesota; Kirkleski of Lafayette; Graham of Fordham; Wilson of the Army; Shapley of the Navy; Briante and Roberts of New York University; Amos of W. and J.; Wilcox of Purdue; Greene of Penn. State; Flanagan of Notre Dame; and promising entries from the University of Southern California, West Virginia and a dozen otner spots.

One would have thought that with the graduation or the retirement of such backs as Grange, Nevers, Oberlander, Hubert, Tryon, Flournoy, Wycoff and Wilson there would be a scarcity of notable talent. Yet those who came along in the October games gave promise of being well up to the standard of 1925, when it was almost impossible to name any outstanding four from the season's long and brilliant list.

What are the main qualifications for All-America nomination? The first point is a high standard of excellence throughout the season, or the bulk of the season, especially in the testing games.

A Great Passing Show

BRILLIANCY in just one or two games should not be sufficient to place any man above some rival who has been a star all year. Last fall, for example, Kreuz of Pennsylvania, Wycoff of Georgia Tech and several other leading contenders were injured in October battles and unable to perform in several of the harder games.

There were at least four teams this fall that carried extra-sized lists of All-America possibilities. These four were Michigan, Dartmouth, Illinois and Ohio State, rated early in October somewhere around the top.

Since Michigan, Illinois and Ohio State all figured in a three-cornered war, this gave unusual opportunity to size up the comparative merits of backs and forwards. It gave a great chance to test the comparative merits of such ends as Oosterbaan, Flora, and Kassel, and of such high-class backs as Marek, Peters, Eby, Karow, Molenda, Lanum, Friedman, etc.

Dooley's passes did not save Dartmouth from going down to defeat in the last quarter against Yale, and Bunnell turned out to be a bewildering aërialist himself. Dooley's goals and passes did not avail against Harvard either, and Bunnell met his master in Mishel of Brown: hence much Blue grief.

It was known that California and Washington had no early stars to replace Nevers and Wilson, but there was strong evidence of early strength in Howard Jones' Southern California line-up, where the material was the best in years.

Certainly no one season ever offered a wider range of stardom or a more complex problem for the final showdown where only a few could survive the heavy ordeal up to the final play.

GRANTLAND RICE

is a keen observer and no timorous traveler, but one man can't see everything. The country's famous coaches—the men who helped Walter Camp—will furnish information that will help Mr. Rice in choosing the line-up of

The All-America Football Team

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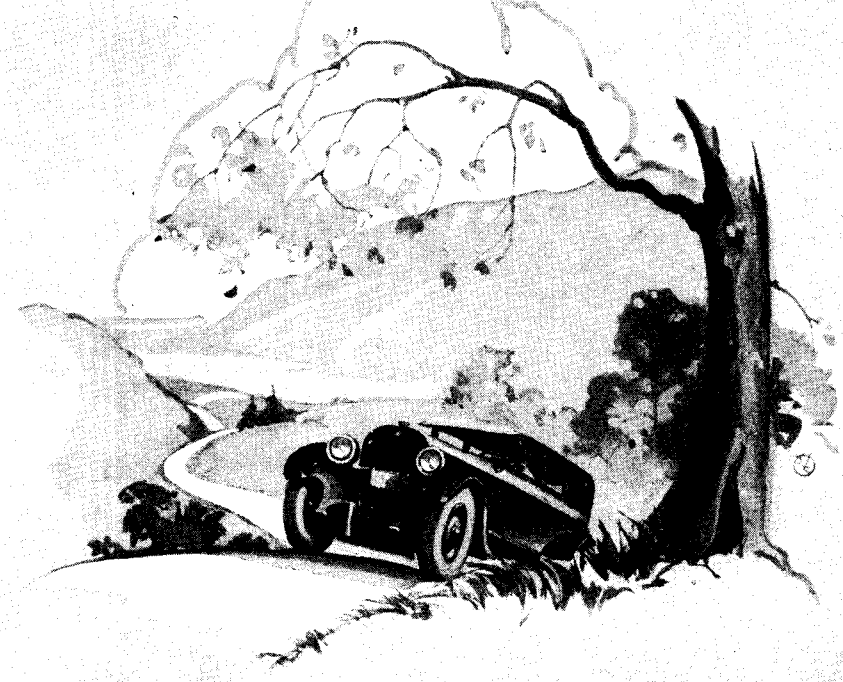

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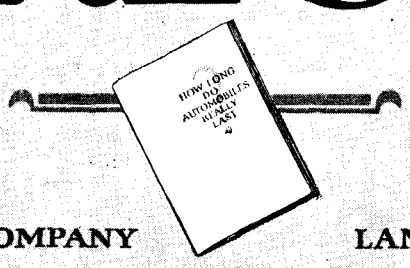

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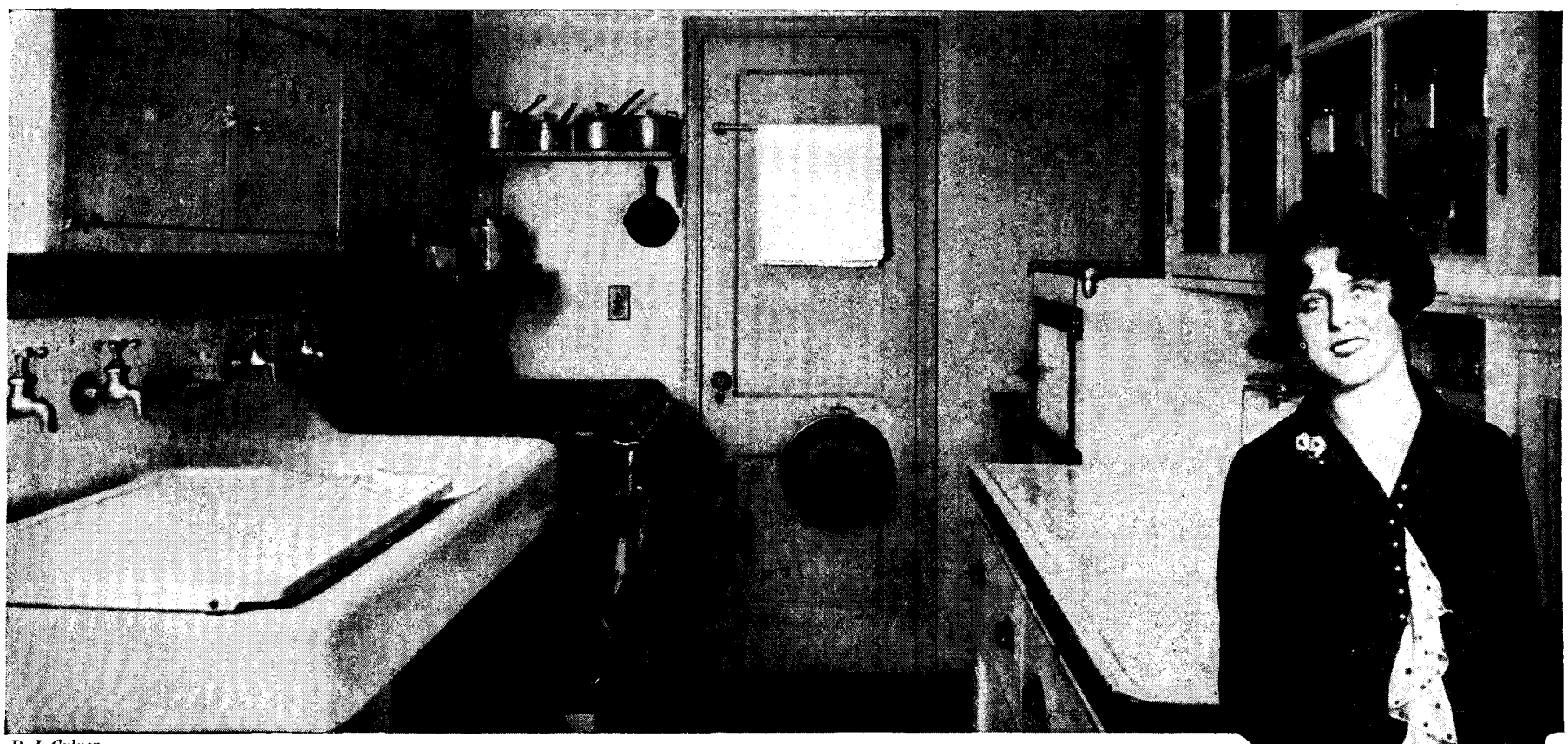

D. J. Culver

The lady's hands are at ease, her smile is bright, her morale high. Her ideal kitchen makes all this possible

Come out of the Kitchen

By
HENRIETTA DURFEE ROBINSON

Here's a woman who can prepare, cook and serve breakfast and dinner for two in 71 minutes! She tells exactly how she does it and how any woman can save time and energy—and feet and back—in the same way

IT WAS early in my married life that I arrived at that hour, familiar to servantless wives, when the headsman's ax or Powhatan's mace would have been more welcome to the eyes than a skillet or a broom.

It was clear enough to me that the fault was mine and not to be found in the magnitude of my household duties. I was willing yet weak, energetic but loose. The lost motion was criminal. However, I knew it.

So for twenty-eight days I went at the business of taking care of my home, paying particular attention to the kitchen, with a stop watch in my hand. I speak figuratively of the stop watch. The unencumbered hands were barely sufficient.

By so devoting myself, always thinking at least twenty-four hours ahead, that those minutes wherein the gas range was doing all the work on the food could be made to produce their full sixty seconds of result, I came upon the happy fact that the chief reason a woman's work is never done is the woman.

For twenty-eight days I kept a household log. No second was omitted from an accounting; no stretch or stride of arm or leg was overlooked in the recapitulation.

Understand me. I have not said that I can or want to do the two meals in seventy-one minutes a day, every day. But I have done it in less, and I have done it in more. The one hour and eleven minutes was the average per day in those four weeks of intensive research.

What happened in my home during those twenty-eight days of clock watching is most easily set forth by giving you a sample day. It is a fair sample, not one vainly chosen as proof of domestic precocity, of which I am as innocent as possible.

On that sample day our breakfast consisted of grapefruit, cooked cereal, cream, boiled eggs, rolls and coffee. For dinner we had roast pork, apple sauce, baked potatoes, buttered string beans, romaine salad, French dressing (made the day before), pumpkin pie and coffee.

Here's the Actual Schedule

I DEVOTED four hours and 42 minutes to housework and 71 minutes to preparing, cooking and serving the meals. This is my schedule for that one day:

7:24 to 7:26—Arranged bed for airing (all bedding removed) and opened windows of living-room.

7:26 to 7:43—Put on water to heat. Started cereal. Prepared grapefruit. Washed cranberries (for jelly the next day), apples, romaine, string beans and potatoes. Looked over cranberries. Peeled apples for apple sauce. Put cranberries and apples on stove. Put rolls in small top-stove oven to heat. Started coffee and water for eggs.

7:43 to 7:47—Closed living-room windows. Dusted tops of tables and desk. Emptied ash trays and removed evening newspapers, et cetera. Laid the table for breakfast (two trips from the kitchen).

7:47 to 7:52—Put on eggs to boil. Lowered gas under cranberries and apples. Assembled grapefruit, butter, eggs and cereal on individual dishes, placing them on a large tray with cream, rolls, and coffeepot, and carried them into dining-room (one trip).

7:52 to 8:33—Breakfast, morning newspaper, mail, and so on.

8:33 to 8:35—Removed tray of breakfast dishes to the kitchen. Returned to living-room to remove tablecloth and return it to drawer.

8:35 to 9:06—Lighted oven (regulator at 450 degrees). Sweetened apple sauce and put it through sieve. Made cranberry jelly. Prepared apples for baking (for breakfast two days later) and put into oven. Made pumpkin pie, using canned pumpkin. Put pie into oven. Prepared string beans for cooking.

9:06 to 9:28—Washed, dried and put away all cooking utensils and dishes. Wiped table and stove tops. Washed sink and drain boards with soap and water.

9:28 to 10:59—Swept kitchen floor. Cleaned hall, bedroom and living-room as follows: Removed rugs (five) and swept floors with brush and dusted them with dry mop, cleaned rugs with suction cleaner, replaced rugs, dusted all woodwork within reach from floor, dusted furniture and wiped off all the frames and glass of pictures and mirrors. Dusted kitchen. Washed dusters.

10:59 to 11:23—Cleaned bathroom, dusting the edges of tile work and wiping window and sill. Cleaned fixtures with soap jelly and water. Polished nickel and washed duster and cloths.

11:23 to 11:30—Bed making.

D. J. Culver

11:30 to 5:15—REST. RECREATION. FREEDOM.

5:15 to 5:20—Lighted oven (regulator at 500 degrees), prepared pork for roasting, and put string beans over gas.

5:30—Put pork into oven (one minute).

6:00—Put potatoes into oven (one minute).

6:45 to 6:58—Laid table for dinner (two trips from kitchen). Made gravy. Assembled meal. Started coffee. (Two trips from kitchen were required to transfer main course to table and one to remove dishes and fetch in pumpkin pie and coffee.)

7:50 to 8:06—Table cleared as in the morning. Dishes washed, dried, and put away. Dish towels washed. Sink and drain boards washed.

Thank Heaven, that's told. Had it not been essential to the telling of my story, I should have spared you. Be comforted by (*Continued on page 38*)

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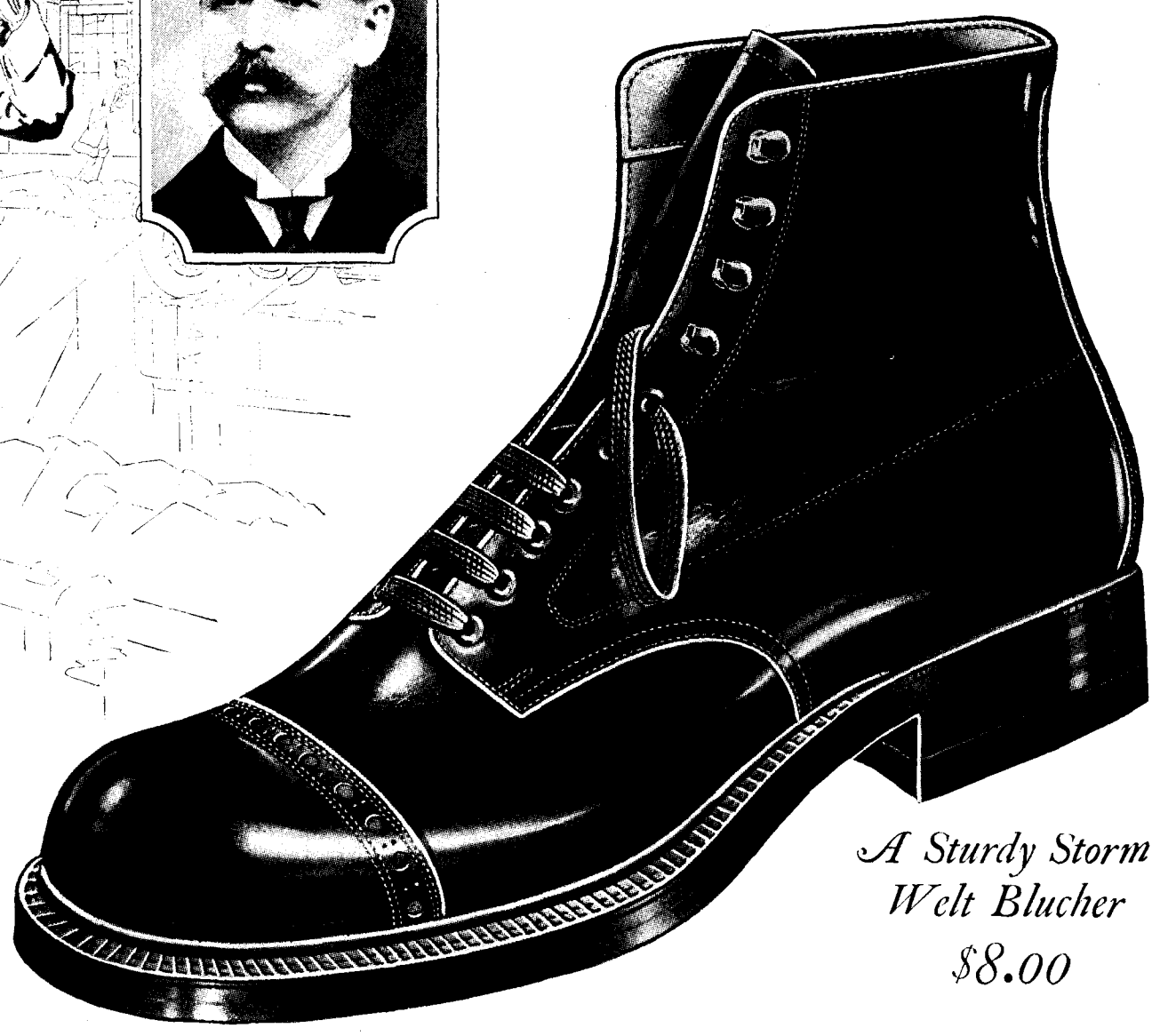

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Have You turned Pro?

If you can make an end run, kick a goal from placement, sock a man in the jaw, hit a tennis ball or sink a putt better than anyone, though you live in the forest the financiers of the world will make a path to your door

By
H. I. PHILLIPS

HATHAWAY J. MIGGLES, the butterfly collector who lives across the hall, came bounding into my apartment last evening. He seemed quite mad.

"I'm going to do it!" he cried. "I've made up my mind. I'm going to do it!"

"Do what?" I asked.

"Turn professional," he shouted.

"It's never been done," he went on. "We butterfly collectors are the only amateurs left in the world! No butterfly collector has ever come out and announced he had turned professional. The trouble with us is we are too shrinking. Hereafter I am going to do my stuff only in concrete stadiums seating 75,000 or better! It's the only way."

I quieted him, listened patiently to his tale of how a man was a fool to remain an amateur when so much money was to be made by turning professional, and ultimately pushed him out into the hall, locking the door.

It didn't startle me exactly. After all, he was the eighty-sixth man of my immediate acquaintance to go over to professionalism within the week, including my sister-in-law soprano, my violin-playing barber and a very close friend who goes in for raising Belgian hares.

Everybody seems to be turning professional these cool mornings. That is, everybody who hasn't already made the detour.

I shouldn't be surprised any day now to pick up the Evening Picture Paper and read that Calvin Coolidge had decided to quit functioning for the government to be president for C. C. Pyle and that the real reason for Charles Evans Hughes' quitting the Cabinet was that he had signed up with Tex Rickard or some other promoter to do exhibition note writing in the Yale Bowl or the Sesquicentennial Stadium. It wouldn't stagger me to hear that "Ma" Ferguson had swum the Gulf of Mexico and would soon make a tour of the country with the Ringling Brothers.

Our amateur crop is disappearing. The old-fashioned American who used to do something just for the fun of it seems to be doing a fade-out. You can walk up to most any citizen in the United States to-day to propose a game of "jacks" or "red dog," and he will demand bank references and refer you to his manager.

The voice of America, and of the world for that matter, seems to be concentrating on three simple words, "For how much?"

The bottom appears to have fallen out of the cheer market. A certified check seems to have the call for the present over the applause of the spectators, and whereas the old-time athlete deemed it a lifelong satisfaction to be lifted into the air and carried about the field on the shoulders of enthusiastic fans, the tendency of the modern athlete is to consider the event a total loss if he isn't immediately whisked into the private car of his personal banking representative and patted on the cheek with a statement showing an account of the gross.

The Ice is Broken

IF THERE is any snake dance after the game, he prefers that it take place up and down the corridors of those marble institutions with the little barred windows labeled "Deposits," "Checking Accounts," and "Monthly Statements."

When Lester Biceps, the great Yale fullback, rips his way through the enemy lines and tears down the field for a 45-yard run it is a fair wager he is not thinking so much whether Miss Lydia De Luxe, his lady love, is watching him as he is whether any big promoter is getting an eyeful of his speed and elusiveness. Somebody might block his sweetheart's view without causing him any great annoyance, but if anybody stood in front of the promoter it would just about break his youthful heart.

When Theodore ("Ted") Attaboy, the peerless quarterback, grabs a loose ball, fights off six tacklers and runs the length of the field for a touchdown he is inspired not so much by the love of dear old Wabash as by love of Cold Cash Pyle, the Pantages and Keith vaudeville circuits and the Metro-Goldwyn Picture Corporation.

In the old days the best a young man could get out of a great performance on the gridiron was the gratitude of his Alma Mater, an election to a high-class fraternity, several yards of interesting newspaper clippings and a chance to join a New York bond house upon his graduation. To-day if he is an outstanding star it is almost certain he will get an ironclad contract guaranteeing him enough money to settle down by the time he is 21 and help finance a Pennsylvania primary purely as a hobby.

Comparatively few parents look at the male child in the cradle to-day and hope he may grow up to be President. They exclaim instead: "Look at those shoulders. Wouldn't it be wonderful if he became a great boxer or fullback?"

A few years ago people scoffed at the very idea of professional football. It was said no college football star would ever perform for money. That the public would show any interest in professional teams was an idea that was ridiculed in the best eyebrow-lifting circles. Well, college stars have been appearing on professional football teams to fair attendance for several years, and when "Red" Grange, the Illinois iceman and super football star, left his university flat and turned professional last fall, with a contract calling for more money in a season than most men make in a lifetime, the ice may appropriately be said to have been definitely broken. To-day professional football has such a hold on the crowd that the rival promoters are fighting among themselves.

This year all any college football star making an outstanding name for himself need do is to leave a note on his door announcing that he will consider nothing but sealed bids and will give no promoter an answer until he has talked it over with his fiscal agent.

It used to be "From Log Cabin to White House." To-day it is "From Touchdown to the National Mint."

"If you can make an end run, kick a goal from placement, sock a man in the jaw, hit a tennis ball or sink a putt better than any other man, though you live in the forest the financiers of the world will make a path to your door," as Emerson didn't say.

Professional tennis has become a fact this year, and I predict that in another decade it will occasion no surprise to read this announcement on the sporting pages:

"John D. Strongbox, speaking for the House of Morgan, which is financing professional polo, admitted to-day that his company had signed up Larry Otterberry, famous No. 4 man on the Sunnybrook Club Polo Team, to join the professional polo team to be known as the Manhattan Giants. Mr. Otterberry is a millionaire in his own right, but the offer was so great he could not see his way clear to reject it. So popular has professional polo proved that two more leagues are to be formed and over $1,000,000 invested in the best polo ponies from the Argentine."

Get a Proper Ballyhoo

AMATEUR golfers will soon be a thing of the past, with bustles, flannel underwear and woolen stockings. Already on the most exclusive golf links they don't say, "Look what the game did for Joe Dobbs: he was a physical wreck, and now he is the most rugged man in the club." They put it, "Look at Bobby Dinks: when he took up golf he wasn't worth a nickel; now he owns a yacht and can afford a Paris divorce!"

Everybody has a secret craving to go in for professionalism and the big money.

In certain parts of the country they have oyster-opening contests, and there was an item in (*Continued on page 37*)

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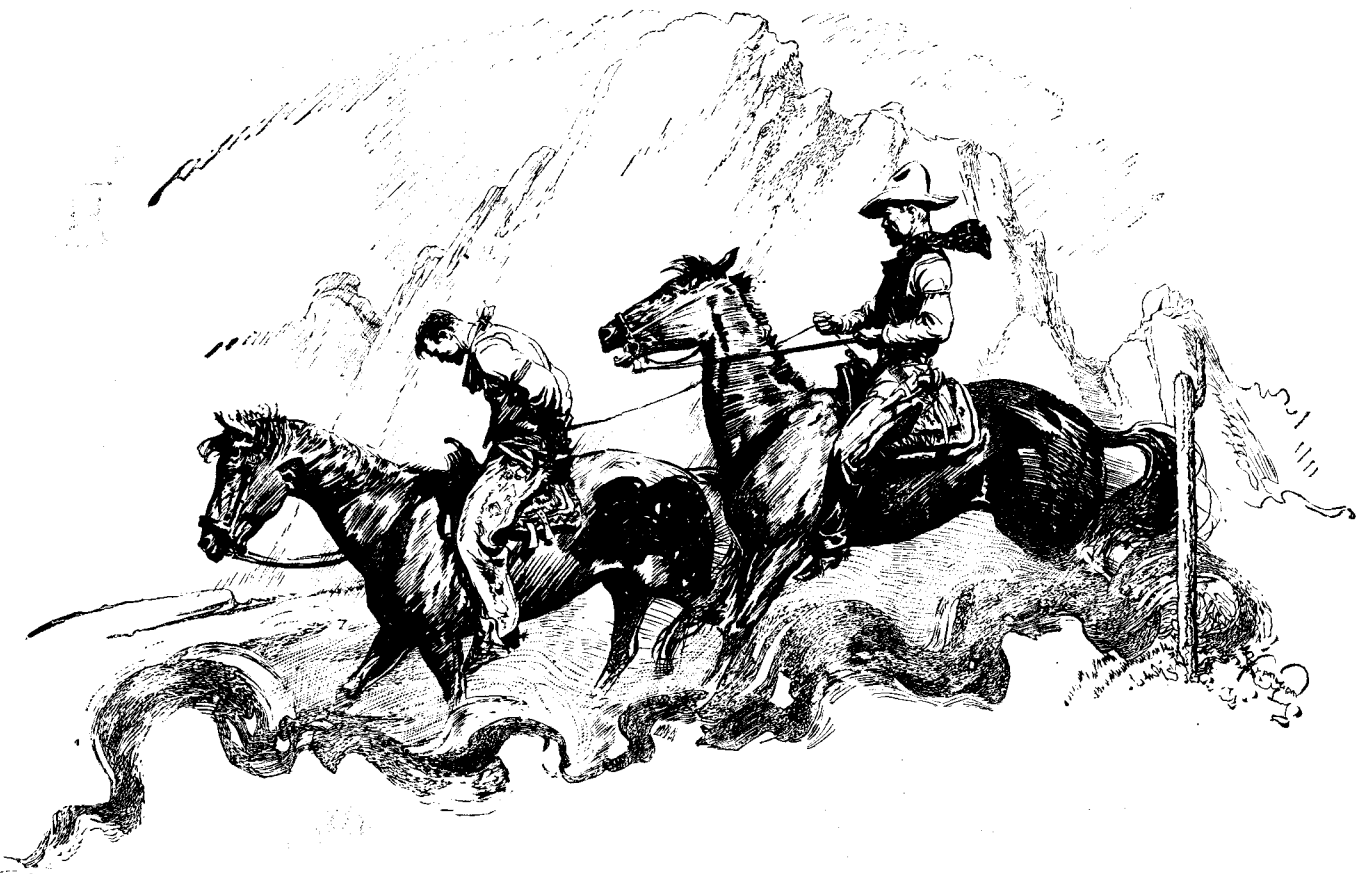

Different Scenery—but the Same Sheriff Upholding LAW and ORDER

To the average mind, the word "sheriff" brings one of two pictures the popular hero of fiction whose only recorded duty was beating bad men to the draw or the implacable Nemesis of the near-bankrupt, brandishing his legal papers two jumps behind his panting prey.

¶ Both pictures are wrong. The old timer occasionally had his less spectacular duties to perform. The modern sheriff sometimes faces tasks fully as hazardous as any that lent romance to frontier days.

¶ The sombrero has given way to the derby. The cayuse has been supplanted by a motor. The scenery has changed. But east or west, north or south, the man behind the gold badge is essentially the same.

¶ Not his to choose only the peaceful pursuit of minor offenders. He takes his day's work in his stride. Whether he heads a posse into a trackless swamp on the heels of a vicious felon, or whether he faces a passion crazed mob lusting for summary vengeance against a cowering prisoner, his badge and his oath of office may well owe their integrity to the balance of power that lies in a six-chambered cylinder.

¶ If the black shadow of violence threatens your home and loved ones can you drive it off with words? Can you bank on the instant presence of the sheriff? Or do you need some extra protection for such an emergency?

The Revolver Manufacturer

SMITH & WESSON

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U.S.A.

The revolver is an effective instrument in the promotion of law and order. It is an invaluable factor in the conservation of life and property and creates a feeling of security

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They call it Love

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

"That's a Gerould for you! I can tear my heart to tatters for all you care—you won't even listen"

In which several more or less average persons get themselves in deeper and deeper

The Story Thus Far:

FAY LASCELLES and her brother, Beauregard, are living uptown in New York with their mother. Fay is artist for a fashion magazine and Beau is secretary to Carl Lander.

With Mrs. Neale, her superior in the office, Fay goes to a party in Paul Manquist's apartment, given by Manny Reseda, her employer.

Waiting for Mrs. Neale in the lobby of a hotel Fay mistakes Don Gerould, one of New York's fashionables, for a friend of Mrs. Neale's, and thereafter Don attaches himself to the party. He shows Fay marked attention. She discovers that he is engaged to Letty Delavan of New York, which makes her think with chagrin that he is trifling with her. He saves her from unwelcome advances from Reseda for which she is very grateful.

Next day she lunches at the Ritz with Lona Schell, whom she met at the party. Lona claims to be newly arrived in New York with very little money—Ritz luncheons notwithstanding—looking for a job on the stage.

After luncheon they are joined by Carl Lander, whom Fay met for the first time the night before and whom Lona claims to know only slightly. They had seen him across the room at luncheon with his wife.

Lona is looking for an apartment and Lander offers to rent her one which he claims to be subletting for a friend of his.

Just then Beau comes in with a message for Lander and Lander asks him to take the girls over to the apartment. On the way out Beau draws Fay aside to warn her that Lona is not the sort of girl she should be seen with. Fay is outraged at such a suggestion and finally almost convinces Beau that it must be some other Lona who telephones Lander at his office every day.

TWO hours of hard squash plus a cold plunge at the Racquet Club had kindled a peculiar sunshine in the heart, which made it the more irksome to be welcomed home by a butler schooled in the best tradition but parading for this occasion the pussyfoot gait and long face seemly only to a grizzled retainer in time of sore domestic stress—whereas the Geroulds composed a household that never retained a retainer long enough for him to grow gray—that is, with years—in its service.

"Your mother has been asking for you, sir," he more sighed than said. "She asked particular' you should be informed she was wishful to see you as soon as you came in."

"Oh, very well . . . though I must say I don't see why such proof of maternal devotion need make you carry on like a mute at a funeral, Mawson."

But the best response Mawson could manage was a smile as drear as midwinter dawn glimpsing on an icebound pool; and conscience reproached as Don, with dissembled distaste, trotted upstairs to that storm center of old establishment, his mother's boudoir. The rebuke had been merited: it remained none the less true that this lady, whom newspapers unsympathetic to the Gerould interests still—after all these years—meanly referred to as "the former Edda Duquesne," was completely capable, given due provocation, of brewing an atmosphere to dye all her environment with indigo gloom.

AND this time—or Don's heart misgave him without reason—the provocation had been not merely due but also overdue. He had more than once recently been tempted to warn Duke he was asking for it. Though, of course, it might be only the Old Boy doing his stuff again. . . .

It was rather as darkest forebodings had painted: Duke in his dressing gown and a slough of despond on the chaise longue, moodily studying black slippers crossed at leg's length before him, was conspicuously the underdog in Edda's window. He moved no muscles when his brother came in, other than those which levered up his eyes to lower from under brows black as any thunderhead's. Thus posed, and with the dating item of his mustache—Duke did Jethro the flattery of copying the paternal style, which in turn was formed on the lush old bartender model—he might have walked into latter-day life out of a Pinero cast. But it would have done no good to tell him so; Duke never lent his countenance to any theatre more stuffy than Dillingham's or Ziegfeld's.

The former Edda Duquesne must have recognized the allusion, of course, who had stepped directly from the rôle of the second Mrs. Tanqueray into that of the second Mrs. Jethro Gerould as soon as the first had formally been ousted by court process, and who had never forgotten how to make good use of the most telling tricks she had been taught to practice on the more limited stage of public life. So had she preserved rather wonderfully, the Old Boy considered, the imperial looks and presence which had made her the finest figure of a Paula Tanqueray New York had ever known. It will be remembered

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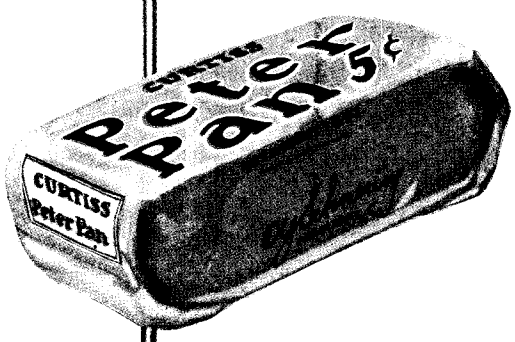

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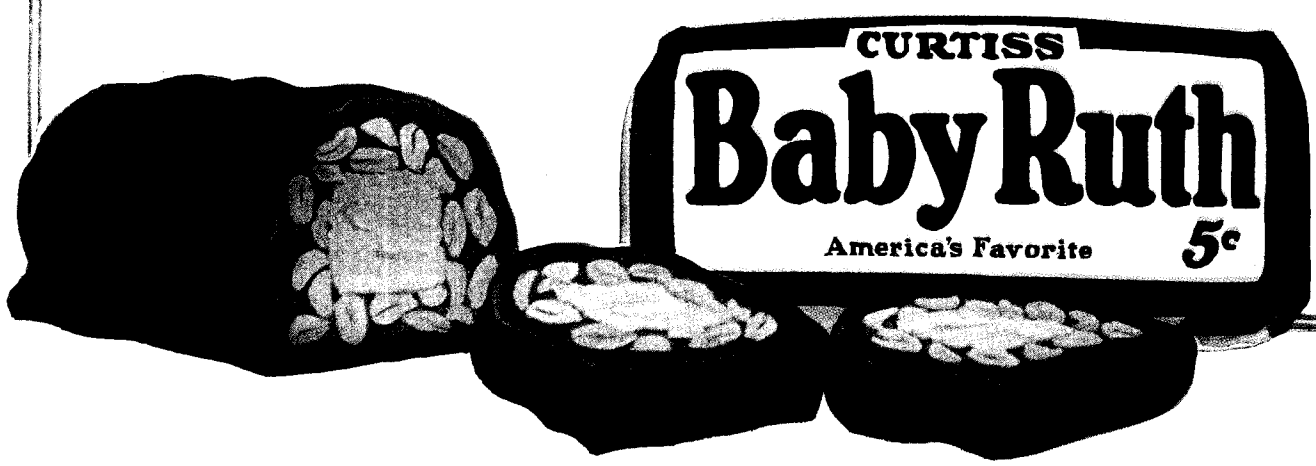
"All Curtiss Candies are good candies. The same wonderful quality which has earned for **Baby Ruth** national popularity and undisputed dominance in its field, will be found in our other popular sellers — Peter Pan, Milk Nut Loaf, Ostrich Egg and Cocoanut Grove.

They are all pure and wholesome for they are made of fresh milk, pure sugar, crisp nuts and rich chocolate."

Otto Y. Schnering,
President.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

"Buy Baby Ruth by the box"



The Favorite Candies of Fifteen Million American Homes

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When the Thanksgiving feast is spread—and gay friends gather —when you're joyously thankful for another year of health and plenty
—have a Camel!

Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. No other cigarette is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

WHEN it's Thanksgiving. And your chosen friends are enjoying the good things of earth. As you are rejoicing over another year of health and good fortune—*have a Camel!*

For no other cigarette ever gave so much added enjoyment to a Thanksgiving feast. No other was ever so welcome to your friends. Millions of experienced smokers are thankful each day for Camels. This distinctive cigarette brought the world a new measure of smoking satisfaction and contentment, for Camels never tire the taste or leave a cigaretty after-taste. Before Camel it was impossible to get every good feature in one cigarette, no matter how much smokers were willing to pay. Such choice tobaccos were never before blended as they are in Camels. The makers of Camel set out to blend the world's finest cigarette regardless of price—and they succeeded!

So this festive day, with thanks for the good year that is gone, with hope for the better days to come—send up the fragrant smoke that is loved by millions. On Thanksgiving Day have the best that's made.

Have a Camel!

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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The scrap of smile which he caught before she disappeared burned into memory

that in those days it was with women as with wines: they liked them full-bodied.

It was a tragedy queen in dishabille of the decade that had called the plays of Arthur Wing Pinero daring who swung now from hectoring her first-born to greet the ally her second son had always proved in the internal feuds of this family. Don, if he did see through his mother, at least could always be counted on to see her through; Jethro and Duke were too dull and bothered to do either; while Douglas and Florence were still too young to take sides other than their own against their elders.

AND for all that he was so notoriously his mother's son, the Old Boy himself threw Don, for turning up so timely, a look humid with thankfulness. A portly and florid gentleman, wearing a too-contented expression with an overgroomed appearance—Jethro had never spiritually graduated from the school of the cutaway and the robust white waistcoat—he fidgeted in the recess of a sunny window, gazing down on Fifth Avenue, worrying one wing of that bold mustache with his teeth and dumbly wondering what the deuce to do. . . .

Edda was absolutely right, of course, and Duke a gloomy ass if God ever made one. But, hang it all, the boy was of age, and if Edda would only be persuaded to let the matter rest he would be sure to snap out of this jam before it was too late: all he needed was time to get tired in. That was the worst of women; they never seemed able to understand it was the mortal nature of man to get tired; if they'd only lay off and not insist on getting a fellow's pride up, with this silly notion they all had that the time to strike was when the iron was hot—why, half these headlong marriages would never come off!

Well, if anybody could make Edda see reason, Don could. The Old Boy, sensible already of a lessened tension, smiled meaninglessly down at his square, ridged, highly manicured nails and profited by the diversion furtively to consult his watch. Twelve o'clock already. But Maisie would just have to wait, for nothing was more certain than that his first stop, as soon as he could manage to slip away, would be the club; man had to have something to pull him together after these performances of Edda's. . . .

"Hello!" Don shut the door and pulled a knowing face. "Having a good old-fashioned scene, are you? Just my luck to be in at the finish. What's it all about?"

"You ought to know," the most thrilling chest tones in captivity retorted. "I haven't the least doubt you have known all along—and never told me! Of course, you wouldn't: even if Duke wasn't your brother, he's a man—"

"That's the only name fit to print she's called me in an hour," Duke with a sulky nod interjected.

"—and men make it a point of honor not to tell on each other!"

"Point of economy," Don corrected: "saves no end of elocution. What's this, Duquesne, me lad? Have you been so unfeeling as to get caught being naughty again? Tut, tut!"

"I only this morning found out about Duke and Maria Valeria," his mother bitterly informed him; "this affair he's been carrying on for Heaven knows how long with his own sister's governess beneath this very roof!"

"What?" Don gave a start which his mother's son had no reason to be ashamed of. "Oh, no!" he expostulated, not less convincingly.

"Oh, it's no use your trying to shield him, pretending you knew nothing about it—you must have. Besides, he doesn't deny it. No more did that creature when I sent her packing an hour ago. Neither of the beasts has the smallest sense of shame. And now, when I say it's your father's duty to pay the hussy whatever price she asks not to see Duke again—"

"But, Edda—"

"Oh, shut up!" Edda rounded on the source of that bleat, and the Old Boy in a start all but put up his guard. "You make me tired." Poor dear! she was never much good at extemporizing her lines. "Rather than lift a hand to snatch your son from the clutches of a common adventuress—"

"But what can I do, when you tell me that girl went away without leaving any address?"

"Employ detectives, if you have to. But you won't. Trust that young woman not to let twenty-four hours pass without letting Duke know where to find her."

"See here!"—Duke roused up from the chaise longue—"I've told you a dozen times, I'll tell you this once more, then I'm done: You leave Maria alone, or I'll marry her the minute we can get a license."

"You hear him!" Edda cried to Don in a high cackle—"you hear what this nincompoop says that calls himself your brother!"

"I do," Don admitted in dismay deeper than he cared to own. "Light-hearted of him, isn't it?"

"To spite his mother for refusing to lend her home to his—"

"Easy, Mother!"

"Oh, let her rave!" Duke roused up. "I've had enough."

HE FLUNG to the door. Edda made after him with imploring hands. "No, Duke! Wait—" The door clapped to between them. And with a strangled moan she went limp, collapsed in a chair, and burying her face on folded forearms, did an effective bit of business with still shapely shoulders.

"Dear God!" her muffled quaver rose—"what shall I do? What *shall* I do?"

"If you'll listen to me instead," Don ventured, "you'll do nothing. Be reasonable, Mother; you ought to know by this time you can't drive Duke. You've done your damnedest already; angels could do no more: the girl's out of the house and a good job too. Now calm yourself and give Duke a chance to forget how noble he'd feel if he did make Maria an honest woman and to remember what a fearful bore she is; and first thing you know it will all have blown over."

"You don't know what you are talking about." Edda lifted a convulsed countenance. "Duke's mad about the baggage. He'll go straight to her the minute he knows where to find her. Then all she's got to do is tell him half of what I said to her this morning, and he'll marry her out of hand. Can't you see the headlines? 'Duke Gerould Marries a Servant'—"

"Oh, I say! A governess ain't the same thing as a servant."

"And you and your father stand there and refuse to take a single step to save him! Oh, I don't know what to make of you! Go after him, at least, one of you: stop him before he can get dressed and out of the house—"

"I'll go"—the Old Boy jumped at the chance—"I know how to handle him." A warm irradiation of high-mindedness made his plump pink face pinker as he hied him away to the rescue, delaying only to contribute a fond pat to Don's shoulder. "Stay with your mother, boy," he rumbled with affecting unction—"she needs you. Leave Duke to me."

Edda reared her head back with a flashing glance and curling lips, as if minded to speed his going with a barbed shaft, but thought better of it and saw the door close behind her husband with no more comment than a shrug and a rolling of fine eyes toward the Heaven which continued mute to her prayers and inscrutable in all its ways.

And Don, with a sympathetic cluck, went to perch on the arm of her chair and hug his mother to him.

"Don't be so tragic, dear. It'll all come out in the wash, you'll see."

"But it's so hard," Edda protested between snuffles, "to see you children following in your father's footsteps. If it had been Jethro, I wouldn't have been surprised—naturally—but Duke—!"

"I know. We're a rotten lot, and that's a fact. All the same, Duke sets too much store by his comfort to marry trouble unless he's hounded to it simply to assert his manhood—"

"He'll do anything that scheming wench tells him to," Edda declared with a conviction which, privately, Don shared—"he'll marry her to-morrow unless you stop him."

"I?" Don expostulated. "Oh, come now!"

"You can do a lot, dear; more than you imagine. You're the only one of us Duke's got the slightest respect for. He admires you and values your good opinion—"

"Duke?" Don laughed. "No fear!"

"But he does," Edda protested. Growing more supple to his soothing, she snuggled, gulped down the last sob, and earnestly broached her argument. "He's told me so himself. Because you haven't got his weaknesses; at least, you don't let them get you into hot water as often. If Duke thought he was doing anything that would hurt you—well, he wouldn't."

"WHAT I can't make out, Mother, is which of us you're kidding."

"It's the truth. If Duke thought, for instance, his marrying this common little piece would disgust the Delavans so Letty would break your engagement—even to pay me out, he wouldn't be so insane, at least until you and Letty were safely married."

"But he doesn't think any such nonsense," Don patiently pointed out. "So I must say, Mother, I don't quite see what you're getting at. . . ."

"You can (*Continued on page 44*)

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

Don looked round to Letty concluding a pause of critical survey in the door

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The Heart of Alix

A novel of romance, mystery and intrigue

By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

"Lix, darling. . . ." she cried. Her sister raised her head wearily. "I didn't hear you come in, Freckles," she said, trying to smile

Illustrated by JAMES TREMBATH

The Story Thus Far:

ALIX BARLESTON, a young Englishwoman, is staying with her husband's aunt and uncle, Sir Harry Fubsy and Lady Fubsy, at Node, their estate. Frankie Barleston, Alix's husband, is a worthless drunkard now in the power of a man named Stanismore, who holds notes for most of his debts.

The other guests at Node are Curtiss Vrogue, an eccentric friend; Alix's young sister Isobel, known as Freckles; Gerry Leese, a young American in love with Freckles; and Ronnie Dene, in love with Alix.

Stanismore comes secretly to Node to woo Alix, promising to take care of Frankie if she will come to him. They meet in the tower room. Alix spurns him.

About midnight in her room she is surprised by a visit from Ronnie, who is worried about her, and just as he goes Frankie comes in and whispers something to Alix that frightens her and makes her allow Frankie to stay in her room that night.

The next evening on their way home from an outing Freckles and Gerry discover the body of a dead man outside the sea wall at Node. The body turns out to be that of Stanismore.

Next day the investigation is begun and Inspector Manderton of Scotland Yard is called in. The watch of Stanismore's yacht is being held on suspicion and each member of the Node household is questioned. Each has what seems like a perfect alibi though Alix knows that Frankie's is not the truth. He swears that he was in bed the night of the murder by ten o'clock and Alix, feeling that he is guilty but that she must stand by him now in trouble, upholds his statement. At this moment Manderton happens to look at Ronnie Dene and finds him staring in an oddly serious fashion at Alix.

ALIX BARLESTON came swiftly into her bedroom and closed the door. On one of the twin beds her clothes were laid out for the evening: a plain black frock, change of underwear, flesh-colored stockings. Although the first dinner gong had sounded, she did not begin to dress. Instead she dropped into the chair before the dressing table and buried her face in her hands.

"Oh, God," she murmured; and yet again, "Oh, God!"

There was a light tap at the door. The bowed figure at the table made no sign. Freckles' brown head peered into the room. On espying her sister's attitude she flew to her side.

"Lix, darling. . . ." she cried. Her sister raised her head wearily.

"I didn't hear you come in, Freckles," she said, trying to smile back at her. "Isn't it time you were getting ready for dinner?"

"I've only got to change my shoes. You look worried to death, Alix—what's up?"

"Oh, nothing; I'm tired and a bit nervy, I suppose."

Freckles laid her face affectionately against her sister's smooth cheek.

"You poor thing, this horrible business has been awfully hard on you. But worrying won't bring Basil Stanismore back to life, you know. Why do you take it so dreadfully to heart? Once or twice I thought you were going to faint when the inspector was questioning us all downstairs after tea. . . ."

Alix shuddered. "That awful man! He's finished with us now, I hope?"

FRECKLES furrowed her young brow. "When he was going away just now he asked Sir Harry not to allow anybody to leave Node for the present. . . ."

Alix gasped. "He said *that?*"

". . . and he said, too, that he would probably want to see some of us again to-morrow. . . ."

Alix picked up the comb and with swift, nervous sweeps began to run it through her short, thick brown hair.

". . . and, Alix, he's locked the tower!"

The comb clattered as it dropped on the porcelain pin tray.

"Freckles, why has he done that?"

The young girl shook her brown curls dubiously.

"I haven't an idea. *I* thought myself that he was strangely interested in the tower by the way he kept on at you and Aunt Ethel about it. Hasn't he got a funny manner? His face never seems to *register* anything, as they say in the movies. I was watching him when he asked you when you last visited the tower before to-day. Do you know, when you told him you hadn't been near the place since January, he didn't appear interested or satisfied or surprised, or anything. His features were just a blank. It must be frightfully disconcerting for criminals. . . ."

"He . . . he terrifies me," said Alix. Her voice deepened to a passionate note: "I wish to Heaven he'd do it quickly, whatever he's going to do, and go away from here!" she exclaimed.

"I wonder what this detective man is after?"

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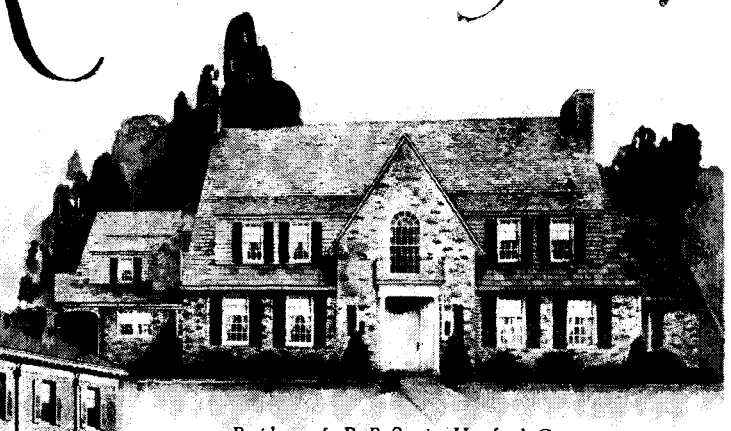
Homes in Hartford *Russwin-ized!*

"To Russwin-ize is to Economize the Economy of the Best"

Residence of—A. C. Morrison, Hartford, Conn.
Architect—W. T. Marchant, Hartford, Conn.
Contractors—Tychsen Bros., Hartford, Conn.
Russwin Dealers—Tull Bros. Inc., Hartford, Conn.



Architects—W. F. Brooks & F. D. W. Glazier, Hartford, Conn.
Contractor—Dennis F. Ahern, Hartford, Conn.
Russwin Dealers—Tull Bros. Inc., Hartford, Conn.

Residence of—R. B. Swain, Hartford, Conn.
Architect—M. E. Hayman, Hartford, Conn.
Contractor—R. B. Swain, Hartford, Conn.
Russwin Dealers—Tull Bros. Inc., Hartford, Conn.

Architects—Smith & Bassette, Hartford, Conn.
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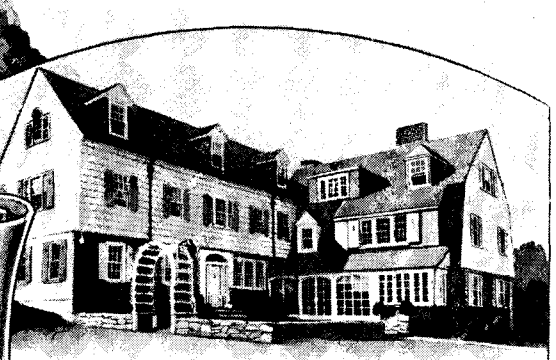
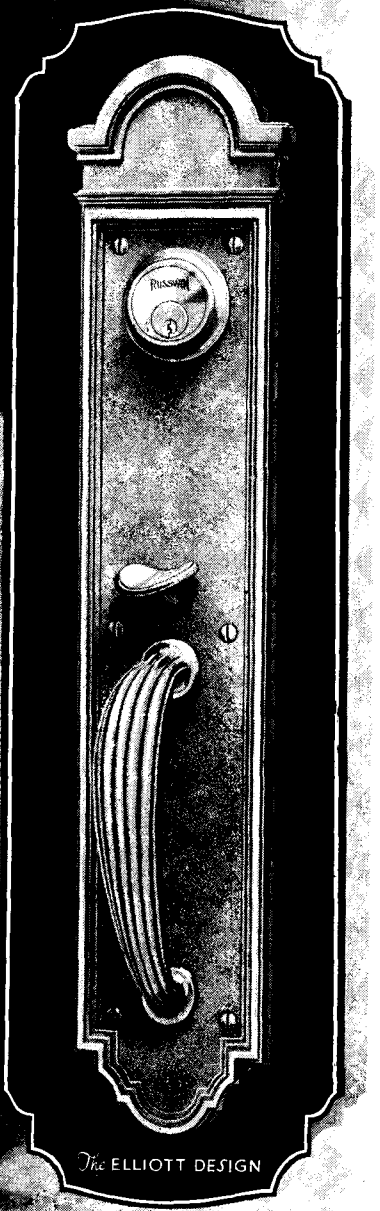


Residence of—F. F. Small, Hartford, Conn.
Architects—Smith & Bassette, Hartford, Conn.
Contractor—R. B. Swain, Hartford, Conn.
Russwin Dealers—Tull Bros. Inc., Hartford, Conn.

Residence of—R. K. Skinner, Hartford, Conn.
Architect—Russell Barker, Hartford, Conn.
Contractors—R. G. Bent Company, Hartford, Conn.
Russwin Dealers—Tull Bros. Inc., Hartford, Conn.

Residence of—C. E. Walker, Hartford, Conn.
Architects—Smith & Bassette, Hartford, Conn.
Contractors—E. W. Canning Co., Hartford, Conn.
Russwin Dealers—Tull Bros. Inc., Hartford, Conn.

Residence of—Roy B. Crary, Hartford, Conn.
Architects—Smith & Bassette, Hartford, Conn.
Contractors—E. W. Canning Co., Hartford, Conn.
Russwin Dealers—Tull Bros. Inc., Hartford, Conn.



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"I haven't the least idea," returned her sister, unfastening her frock.

"Did you notice his manner with Ronnie Dene?" Freckles persisted.

"Not particularly. Why?"

"He seems to me to be *watching* Ronnie. . . ."

Alix laughed. "What odd fancies you get into that head of yours, Freckles. . . ."

Her sister nodded mysteriously. "I believe I'm right," she declared. "What's the matter with Ronnie, anyway? Ever since he arrived at Node he's been going round like a bear with a sore head. What have you been doing to him, Alix? Have you two had a row, or what?" She was looking closely at her sister.

"How absurd you are! Ronnie and I are perfectly good friends."

"Then I believe that Frankie's making trouble. I thought it rather strange his coming down here suddenly in the middle of the racing season. I say, Alix, is Frankie getting jealous?"

HER bright eyes sparkled with mischief. Her sister, who was pulling her evening frock over her head, did not reply.

"I swear he is," cried the younger girl. "You know, Frankie's reforming, Alix. I was saying to Ronnie only this afternoon that I thought Frankie had changed: he seems to have become more attentive to you. . . ."

"You've no business to discuss my affairs with Ronnie Dene," her sister put in angrily.

"Oh, all right, but you needn't think that I don't know why Frankie's making up to you. . . ."

Alix caught her by the shoulders and shook her.

"Tell me what you mean by that! Tell me, do you hear!"

"Let me go! You're hurting me!"

The young girl wrenched herself free and scrambled to her feet. They faced one another furiously.

"You're not going out of this room until you've told me what you mean," said Alix tensely.

"You know jolly well what I mean," her sister flared back at her. "I've always looked up to you and admired you for the way you stuck to that rotter for Sandy's sake. But I know how unhappy you've been in your marriage and if you'd owned up to me that you were having an affair with Ronnie Dene it wouldn't have made a scrap of difference, not a scrap of difference, do you hear?

"But you're a hypocrite. When I want to sympathize, when I ask for your confidence, you tell me lies. You're always very careful about *me*. You're always holding *me* back. You have to think about my reputation. Oh, yes! And all the time you have your lover coming to your room at night. . . ."

She flung the last words savagely in her sister's face.

Alix stood aghast. Slowly the color drained away from her cheeks and an expression of such utter agony looked out of her eyes that Freckles was shocked. The anger faded from the younger sister's face and her lips began to tremble. But Alix said nothing. She spoke no word of denial, no word of reproof. She stood motionless, her face a mask of blank dismay, staring at her sister. In that tense moment neither heard a slight creaking noise as the dressing-room door opened a few inches and remained stationary.

"I wasn't spying on you," said Freckles in a voice warmly contrite. "It was Friday night. I woke up starving. You know, we don't get a great deal to eat for dinner in this house. Well, I was ravenous, so I went down to the dining-room to forage. I found some scones and some jam and ate those.

A note jarred as Alix broke off abruptly. "Ronnie! How you startled me! Where's Frankie?"

On my way upstairs I had reached the second flight, when I heard a door close on the floor below. I crept down a few steps and looked along the first corridor. Ronnie Dene was standing just outside your door; he was in his dressing gown. I didn't wait, but ran back upstairs to bed." She paused. "I—I didn't mean to upset you so, Alix. I'm—I'm sorry for what I said just now. . . ."

Her sister caught her in her arms. Freckles was sobbing now. Alix held her silently, her face a mask of suffering, her eyes melting with anguish. Presently she spoke soothingly to the young girl.

"It's all right, my dear," she said; "don't cry. Stand up! I want to show you something. Turn round to the bed behind you! Now lift the top pillow!"

FRECKLES looked at her sister in surprise. Then she pulled down the coverlet of the bed on which she had been sitting and raised the pillow. The gaudy hues of a folded pair of flowered silk pajamas came to view.

"*Alix!*"

There was utter amazement in her voice.

"Is Frankie sleeping in *here?*"

A little flush warmed her sister's pallor. She bowed her head in affirmation.

"But," Freckles persisted, "I don't understand. I thought he always slept in the dressing-room. You've had separate rooms for ages."

Alix put her arm about her sister. "My dear," she said, "there are some things I can't discuss with you. But I wanted you to—to realize that Ronnie Dene cannot have been in my room."

"Of course," exclaimed Freckles blankly, "that was the night that Frankie came back unexpectedly from London. I remember now he went to bed early, didn't he? You mean that he was sleeping in here? So, of course, Ronnie couldn't have—" She flushed scarlet. "Oh, Alix, what a perfect beast I've been to you! Darling. I'm so frightfully sorry—how can you ever forgive me?"

"Never mind about that, Freckles," said Alix and patted her shoulder. Her face was weary and anxious. "I only hope you said nothing about this to Ronnie."

"No," the girl rejoined absently. Her forehead was corrugated with a puzzled frown. "Alix," she said presently, "if Ronnie was not with you, what was he doing wandering about the corridor at that time of night? I distinctly heard a door close. What door can it have been?"

Alix bit her lip. Her hands were clasped tightly across her bosom.

"The door of the garden stairs, most likely," she answered with an effort. "Perhaps Ronnie had been for a turn in the garden before going to bed. . . ." Her eyes fluttered a frightened glance at her sister's puzzled face.

"In that case," demanded Freckles, "why did he deceive old Nolling?"

The haunted look stole back into Alix Barleston's starry eyes.

"Deceive Nolling?" she faltered.

"Yes," Freckles affirmed roundly. "You heard him yourself. Nolling was asking each of us about what we did on Friday evening. Ronnie distinctly told him that he went to his room about ten. He never mentioned a word about having gone out again. He said he sat smoking by the window until about twelve and then put out the light. Don't you remember?"

One clenched fist beat a nervous tattoo in the palm of Alix Barleston's hand.

"I—I didn't follow everything that was said," she replied wearily. "What does it matter anyway whether Ronnie says he went out or not?"

But Freckles was a determined young person; she was not easily to be put off.

"Why, Alix," she cried, "it matters a great deal. *I* imagined that Ronnie was lying because I thought he naturally couldn't tell Nolling where he had been. But now it appears that he didn't go to your room that night. Where did he go, then?"

Alix sprang to her feet and, in sheer exasperation, shook her clenched hands before her face.

"This ghastly business is driving me out of my mind," she cried passionately. "Why do you come here to torment me? If Ronnie didn't tell Nolling that he left his room, it simply means that he didn't think it of any importance to say that he had gone to get a breath of air in the garden before going to sleep. . . ."

"Well," observed her sister, "I call it jolly funny. Why, Ronnie must have been outside just about the very time that Stanismore was killed. . . ."

"I can't stand any more. . . ." Alix's voice rose to a plaintive note. "That man, always prying about the house, peering about the tower, cross-examining everybody; Aunt Ethel pumping me about Basil Stanismore; and now you with your questions! I can't stand it, I say. For God's sake, leave me alone. . . !"

She collapsed in the chair before the mirror, weeping hysterically.

The solemn notes of the dinner gong boomed through the house.

AFTER dinner that night Alix Barleston sat at the piano at the end of the long drawing-room and softly played to herself. She was almost in darkness, her black frock merged in the ebony of the piano and the dusky shadows of the corner which the waning light of the June evening failed to illumine. The drone of voices reached her through the half-open door of the morning-room.

She was strumming idly, wandering from one theme to another. Now she was trying to recapture the memory of an old French song she had heard somewhere. Under her breath, in a little, husky voice, she sang a snatch of a little love song.

A note jarred as she broke off abruptly. She looked up, her slim white fingers on the keys.

"Ronnie! How you startled me! Where's Frankie?"

"He went out after dinner," Dene replied.

"I thought you were going to play bridge. . . ."

"Nobody was very keen, so Sir Harry carried Vrogue off to the library for a game of chess."

She stood up and closed the piano.

"Take me out on the terrace; I want to talk to you."

Through the French windows they passed out into the cool dusk. In silence they descended the broad steps. It was the first time since that memorable night that they had been alone together. A strange uneasiness lay between them; the warm camaraderie of their old relations was gone. As he walked at her (*Continued on page 47*)

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"Won't it be great seeing him!" said Eddy. And suddenly she was anxious

Illustrated by JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

JILTED

Who says love is blind? But perhaps you'll say Fred didn't love her

By W. TOWNEND

SHE lived a lonely life with an unhappily married uncle and aunt who did not want her, though she saved them a girl's wages. She was twenty-five, but people who came to the house thought she must be older because of her old-fashioned manner and appearance. She went nowhere, save to church on Sundays, and very occasionally, for her allowance was small, to the movies.

One day an elderly lady calling on her aunt spoke of a nephew of hers who lived all alone in the jungle, in Sumatra, in the employ of some big Dutch firm with no white man within a hundred or more miles.

"A sad case," said the elderly lady: "no parents; myself and a young brother his only relatives still living." She turned to the girl. "Gwen, you've plenty of spare time, why not take pity on poor Fred and send him a letter now and again?"

The girl wrote to Fred and in due course received a reply.

In his letter he described the life he lived: the heat, the rains, the loneliness, his work, the insect pests, the snakes, the wild animals, the natives who were his only companions, his dog, his only friend, the creepiness of his surroundings, the terrible homesickness, the bouts of fever and the inertia that overtakes all white men in the tropics. Would she—for Heaven's sake! —write to him again?

Her heart went out to him in pity. Write! Of course she would write!

Before six months had passed he sent her his photograph. She found him to be a good-looking, keen-faced young man with laughing eyes and dark hair and a sweet-tempered mouth.

She had her own photograph taken, though both her uncle and aunt, for once in agreement, considered it a gross extravagance, and sent a copy to poor Fred. Fred wrote back and said she was the girl of his dreams.

He said:

"My dear, perhaps I shall frighten you but I have to say it. You told me you had no sweetheart. Will you be engaged to me? Give me some hope, I beg. I'm very lonely and very sad. All that I have to help me is your dear face, looking at me from the picture on my table where I am writing. If you will be engaged to me, you'll make me the happiest man alive."

No one had ever asked her to marry him before. She shed a few tears and answered Fred's letter by return. Of course she would be engaged to him!

A FEW months passed, and then one afternoon there was a ring at the front door. A good-looking, keen-faced young man with laughing eyes and dark hair and a sweet-tempered mouth stood on the top step. She stared at him blankly. "Fred!" she gasped. She knew him by the photograph.

"Not Fred, but Fred's brother, Eddy." His smile dazzled her. "Fred asked me to buy you a ring. I've got it with me. He said he wanted me to take you out and give you a good time! May I?"

That evening he took her to the theatre and brought her back to her aunt's afterward. She had never enjoyed anything so much in her life. She felt that if all Eddy had said about Fred was true she would love him dearly.

After that she saw Eddy at least twice a week, sometimes more often. She looked forward to his visits immensely, mainly as a means of hearing about Fred. They went to the theatre often: also to concerts and the movies. They dined in little snug restaurants where one ate delightfully extravagant meals. He made her dance, though she had never danced since she was seventeen. They took long walks together out to the beach and in Golden Gate Park, and one day, to her great astonishment, he arrived at the house in a car which he had just bought, a wonderful two-seater of rich blue color with a miraculous sheen. And after that there were drives to all kinds of beautiful spots, down the peninsula to little quiet beaches and inland to the hills. Enchanted days of happiness. She was alive at last. Not even her uncle and aunt could sour her now.

In March there was a letter from Fred, saying he would be home in June.

"Won't it be great seeing him!" said Eddy.

"Won't it!" said the girl. And suddenly she was anxious. She thought of her uncle and aunt, disliking each other, nagging, backbiting, and pondered. Once they also must have been lovers! Why had they changed? How?

The evening before Fred's ship was due in port she and Eddy had their last dinner together. They danced between courses and after. They chattered and laughed gayly because they were glad. But when, after he had seen her home, Eddy said, "You'll think of me sometimes after you're married, Gwen, won't you?" she burst into tears.

"Oh!" she sobbed. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

He put his arms about her and kissed her.

"What is it, Gwen? Tell a fellow, do!"

"It's you I love, not Fred! How could I love him when I love you?"

"Dearest," said Eddy, "I've loved you since the day I met you!"

They were appalled, stunned.

"What are we to do?" said the girl.

"We must play the game, of course," he said.

"It's you I love!"

"I know, dearest, I know, but you're Fred's girl!"

She was Fred's girl, and she must play the game.

And then, limp with misery, afraid that her aunt would hear her and come bustling down to them, in one of her vile tempers, she kissed him for the last time and told him he must go. She cried all night.

NEXT day they were at the pier waiting when Fred's ship came in. They neither of them had the courage to go aboard.

A broad, square man, with a yellow seamed face and a short, ragged yellow beard and mustache and faded yellow eyes, approached them.

They watched him without interest.

"Gwen!" he said, dropping the kit bag he carried. "Gwen!" He caught hold of her hands and drew her to him. "My little Gwen!"

She shuddered. Was this the man she had promised to marry? This!

"And you're Eddy! God! It's fifteen years since I saw you, Eddy! Have I changed?" (*Continued on page 43*)

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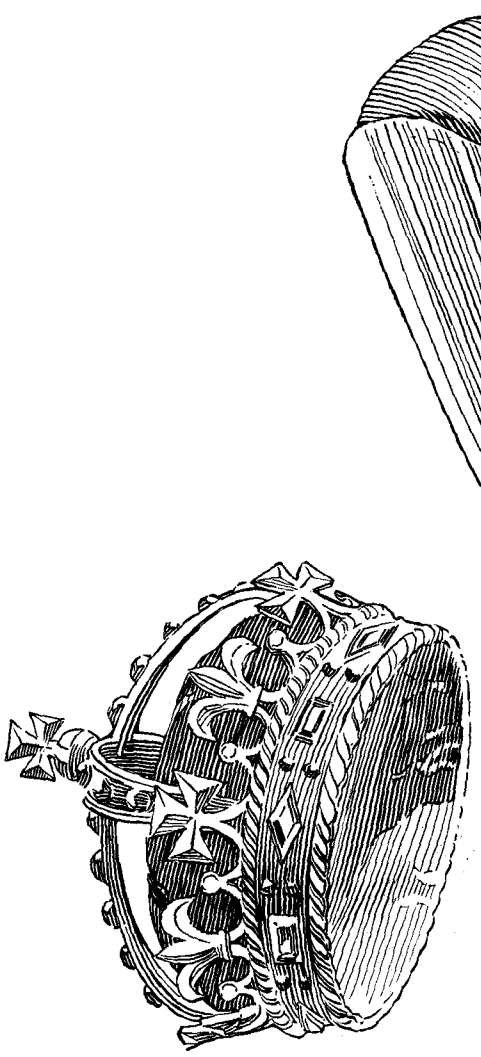
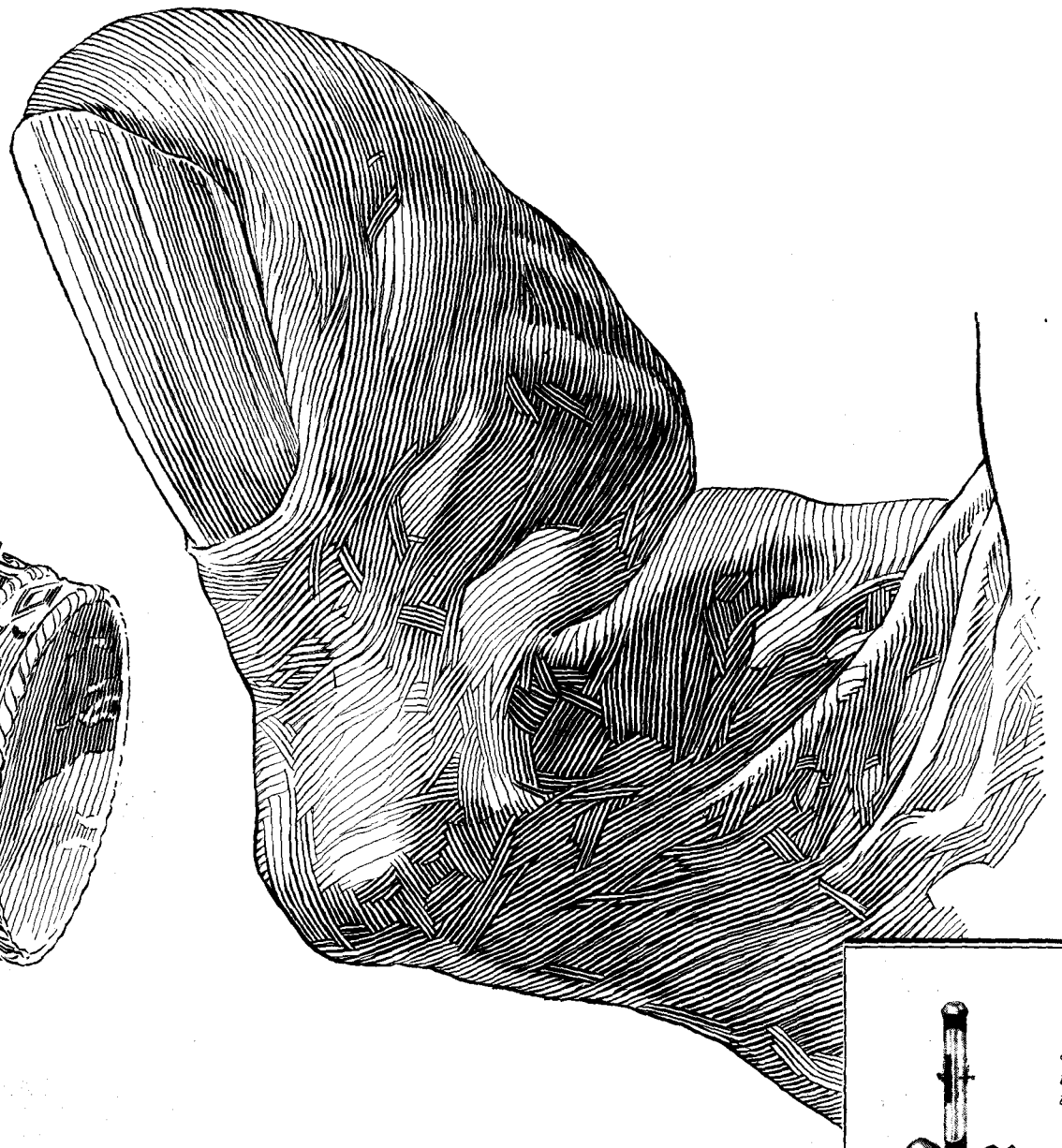
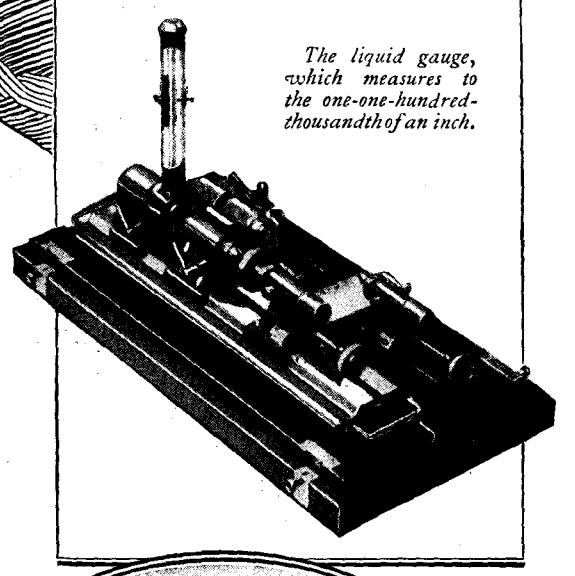






The liquid gauge, which measures to the one-one-hundred-thousandth of an inch.

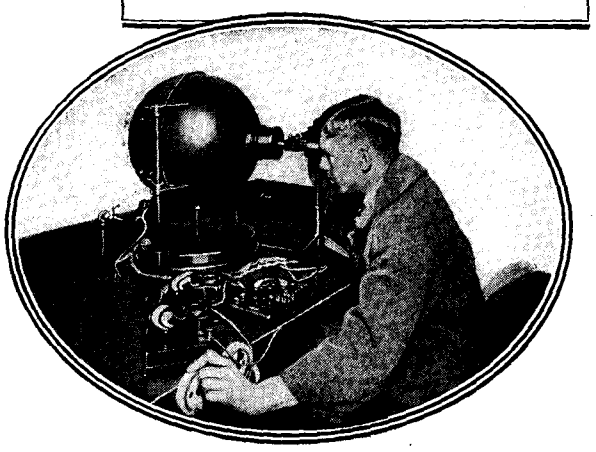
The "rule of thumb" *is over . . .*

KING THUMB rules no more. The rule of thumb, with all its costly guesswork, has no place in Western Electric telephone making.

Here exact measuring standards are the rule, precise in many cases to the ten-thousandth part of an inch.

And this habit of being exact controls every factory activity—in the systematic planning of the great task of telephone production, in manufacturing to known standards of quality, in constantly improving methods of work—not in haphazard experiment but by scientific attack by a group of skilled industrial engineers.

At the same time, as makers of the nation's telephones, Western Electric is meeting its responsibility by holding down the cost of telephone apparatus to a figure well below the increased cost of general commodities.



Looks like a bomb, but really a little "dark room" which permits the inspector to know exactly whether a tiny switchboard lamp comes up to the mark.

Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

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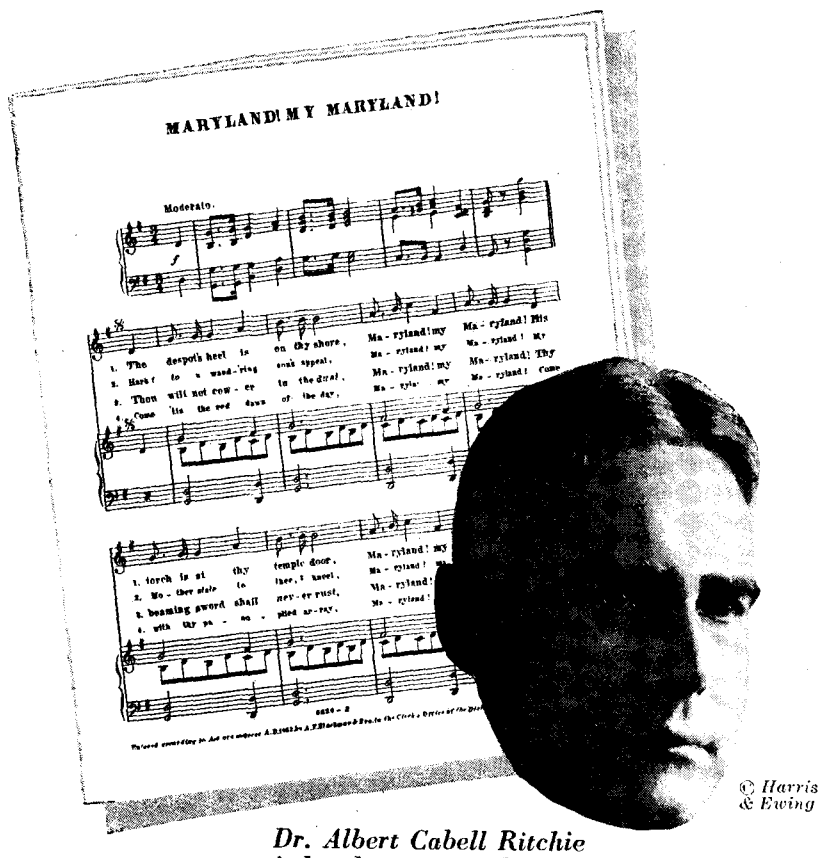
Dr. Albert Cabell Ritchie
is handsome enough to win a beauty prize

Low-downs *on the* High-ups

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

GOVERNOR ALBERT C. RITCHIE of Maryland is the man who knocked the con out of the Governors' Conferences. He wrote the second Declaration of Independence of the States. Thence was born the Free State of Maryland.

I don't know who invented the words the Maryland Free State, but it is odd how those words have set the Marylanders up. Or Maryland.

One Baltimore editor, writing of the Free State, summed up the local sense of satisfaction thus: "Some Marylanders are superior to others, but all Marylanders are superior to all outlanders." They are free mentally. They laugh at all the fears and prejudices that rule the rest of the political world. They scoff at Mr. Volstead.

Doesn't their local philosopher, Mr. Mencken, poke fun almost daily at "Dr. Coolidge" and call him a pinhead to the scandal of the rest of the unfree United States? Doesn't he write about the "yokels" and the "peasants" to whom all the politicians bow except those in the Maryland Free State? Hasn't he invented an amazing vocabulary of freedom?

Well, if Dr. Mencken sowed the seed of free thought in Maryland and liberated his thousands of minds every time he wrote the words "Dr. Coolidge"—just as Voltaire set free the ideas that brought about the French Revolution—it was Albert Ritchie that roused, not the sans culottes, but the London-tailored gentry of the now Free State.

The governors used to meet and pass resolutions of coöperation, coördination, collaboration, coagulation and all the other virtuous cos and cols and cons that were so popular then. Such a conference was a bore to everybody except that it gave the governors a chance to look at the White House which they all dreamed some day of occupying.

Under President Harding they were coing and cooing and coning on prohibition when up rose Mr. Ritchie and declared that his people regarded the Volstead Act as "an unnecessary infringement on their state and personal rights." He declined to co. That almost broke up the conference.

The Free State idea is that the federal government is a device that lends itself too readily to the scheme of joy-killing minorities of yokels and whiners who want to interfere with the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness. Give the Anti-this and the Anti-that the job of amending 48 constitutions, instead of one, or convincing 48 legislatures instead of one, and life will be worth living.

It is a popular idea in many quarters.

Governor Ritchie may be the Democratic candidate for President in 1928. He probably would be if opposition to federal prohibition were not the central point of the Free State idea. And if Governor Al Smith dominates the next Democratic National Convention he may throw his strength to Governor Ritchie and nominate him.

Maryland's Proper Hero

WHEN the Democrats get depressed, as they often do, they say, "Well, it will probably be Donahey" (Governor Vic of Ohio). "He's another Coolidge"—one of the plain people with an instinct for penny-saving. How about Governor Ritchie for another Coolidge?

Suppose Mr. Coolidge had been born in Maryland of the distinguished Ritchies on one side and the aristocratic Cabells of Virginia on the other. Suppose he had been soaked in Jefferson. Suppose he had had Dr. Mencken instead of Mr. Bruce Barton as his philosopher. Wouldn't you have got something like Albert Ritchie?

Someone said of Ritchie, "He's the kind of fellow who, if some employee reported that a cuspidor had been stolen from the State House in Annapolis, would say at once, 'No, I counted them ten minutes ago and they were all there.'"

He is your administrator with a passion for detail. He knows the business of the Free State as Al Smith knows the business of New York State. He has unbelievable industry. He works all night when he has a problem before him that requires hard work.

He is an able lawyer, probably the best in Maryland; he is a cold and calculating politician, but he looks as romantic as Mr. Coolidge looks unromantic. He is handsome, handsome enough to win a beauty prize. He looks gay and insouciant, almost devil-may-care, the proper hero of the Free State and of the Mencken Kulture.

The Lame Duck

Continued from page 7

to speak quite seriously, when his face seemed to retreat behind its mask of discretion and amusement.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "how can a man campaign when he's learning the Charleston? Is there room for two great efforts at the same time in a man's life? Let's have some supper.

"There's breast of guinea hen? It's good here. Will you have that?" he suggested, deliberately planning a supper that would take a long while to serve and eat because he had an intimation of excitement and interest that warmed for the first time in many weeks the cold disillusion and discouragement in his mind.

"That's fine," said Elizabeth: to her the guinea hen was as irrelevant as it was to Chase. She took it for the same reason that caused him to order it.

PATSY MARLOW was discouraged. She sat opposite Mr. Theodore Granger in that holy of holies, his inner office, and knew that she was being put off and guessed that she was not going to get what she wanted.

"Why, from what I hear," he said smoothly, "Mrs. Pomeroy is doing such successful work here it would be a pity to take her away."

"Oh, no. She has two people trained right up to the work. Besides, she is wasted here. And she lives with a family that simply preys upon her. She ought to get away from them."

"That's hardly a reason for a federal appointment."

"I don't mean that. Of course not. But I mean, in addition to the fact that she is the best person in the state for this place, she ought to have it for other reasons. Everyone will admit *her qualifications*—we don't have to talk about them and they have been talking about letting the women have some recognition."

"Unfortunately, in this case the party has other obligations."

"You mean Burton Chase?"

"You put it very abruptly, but that is probably what will happen. Yes. Chase will have to be given that place."

"I don't see why—just because he was beaten for Congress."

"He was beaten for strategic reasons, you know. You understand enough about politics to know that the party let him go to the slaughter. They let this man Swenson in without a fight just to give that crowd what it wanted and trusting that with enough rope it would hang itself. Chase knew that. He took it standing. But he's been a good congressman and he's got to be taken care of."

"Can't he take care of himself? Can't he earn his own living?"

"I suppose so. But there are certain things that you can't get past in politics. This happens to be one of them. Chase heads the waiting list for a job. He's a good fellow too. The job comes along, and you can't do him out of it."

"Even if the other person would fill it better?" she asked bitterly.

"In this case I should say not. That doesn't affect this issue. It's a loyalty. Personally I don't think it's a bad one. Chase held his tongue, took his beating, behaved discreetly and like a gentleman. He says he'll take this other place temporarily, which will not give him nearly as much income, and I believe he has it coming to him. He won't do any harm, you may be sure. He's a clever fellow. We'll have to think about Mrs. Pomeroy some other time."

"It's not right," she said slowly. "That place ought to be given to someone who cares about the problem of foreign-born people and has studied them."

"It may need brains as much as sentiment, Mrs. Marlow," he said kindly. "I've talked very freely. Chase's appointment is spoken of on the street, of course, so it's news to no one. I've tried to explain the reasons for it because you've a good political head, but I don't think there's any advantage in going into it much farther. In this case I'd not only go against political etiquette but against my better judgment to interfere."

"Of course we won't give up," said Patsy.

His smile indicated that he had warned her.

She turned again to him as he went to the door with her. Her lovely face, more sweetly outlined than ever since her marriage, lifted, and he saw the spirited eyes under her soft fur hat.

"You've frightened me. It's the first time you've refused to do anything I've asked."

"I don't enjoy doing it now. I wish you'd give this matter up. It's the first time you've refused my advice," he countered.

"I can't give it up, somehow. If you knew May Pomeroy, you'd understand."

She left the great man in his office and went away with a real feeling of worry. She had counted on Mr. Granger's influence, and she had encouraged the others to count on it too. They'd have to be told that it wasn't coming. It was getting on toward noon so she dropped in at the Woman's Club to see who was there.

Jean Lane was in the tea-room. Patsy sat down beside her and ordered lunch vaguely.

"I saw him," she said, "but he won't turn a wheel! Of course there are Burton Chase's enemies, but—"

"But what?"

"They're a slimy crowd to work with."

Elizabeth Holliday joined them, pulling off fur-tipped driving gloves.

"What's the plot?" she asked.

"Everything's looking bleak," said Patsy. "They've lined up that immigration job for Burton Chase, and unless we act pretty quickly they'll slap the appointment through. You know I used to like Burton Chase, but now I could cheerfully wring his neck. May Pomeroy has worked for fifteen years qualifying for just such a place, and now she's to be done out of it."

"Doesn't Burton Chase deserve anything?" asked Elizabeth.

THE other two looked at her in surprise, and Elizabeth flushed, but coolly held her ground.

"I mean—didn't they throw him to the lions deliberately? Don't they owe him something?"

"That's the theory they're sewing it up with," Patsy said. "I've just been having that stuff poured into my ears. But I don't see why, just because he gets caught in the wheels of the machine that he's been playing with, everyone needs to keen over him so! The point is, Elizabeth, that with Chase this is just a soft berth! With Mrs. Pomeroy it's something she's been working up to all her life, and I can't bear to see a hard-boiled politician walk away with it."

Elizabeth shrugged.

"Why don't you go tell him that?" she inquired a little caustically, for Patsy's tone had been censorious. "What do you expect him to do? Step out, bowing?"

"I certainly don't expect that," said Patsy. "I expect he'll limp along until he's taken care of. There's May Pomeroy now."

Mrs. Pomeroy came across the room with the utterly unselfconscious bearing that was natural to her, as if her body was only an errand boy for her mind.

"Do sit down," said Patsy; "we're talking about ways and means to get your appointment."

"Oh, that!" said Mrs. Pomeroy. "Don't press the thing too far. Once and for all, Jean, you mustn't approach that Davis Bond crowd looking for help. If they helped us, they'd want strings on both you and me, and we can't have that. Better leave it as it is. They've some good people on the commission from other parts of the country, you know. It can't go very far astray. Burton Chase is pretty clean. He won't be so bad."

Her mind was evidently not on the

(*Continued on page 34*)

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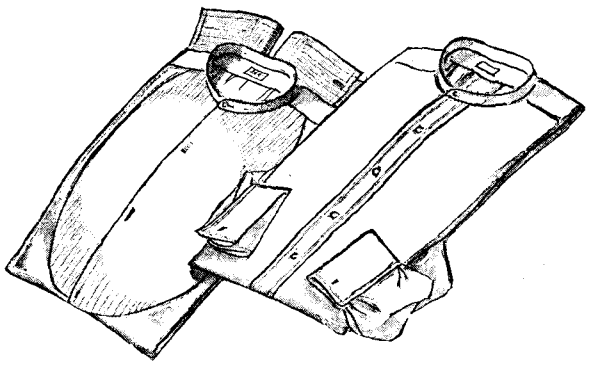
This representative University of Chicago man, FRED J. HOBSCHEID '26, All-Western and All-Conference Tackle and for three years a member of the National Interscholastic Commission, was chosen the handsomest and best-dressed man, as well as the best athlete in his class. He was a member of Skull & Crescent, Iron Mask, Owl & Serpent and the Order of the "C"

A University of Chicago Man Chooses American Styles

"MEN'S styles from London are not like Paris fashions—they must be modified for American taste," says Fred J. Hobscheid, of the University of Chicago, who was elected the "best-dressed man" in the Class of '26.

"It is generally recognized that it is from the college dormitory and fraternity house that authentic American styles start."

And to illustrate his idea of styles that the typical American chooses, this best-dressed man at the University of Chicago chose the Ide collars, shirts and handkerchiefs pictured on this page.

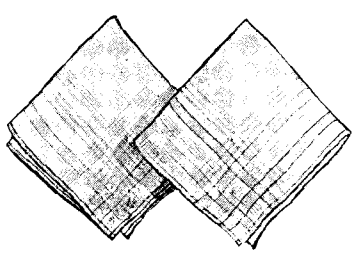


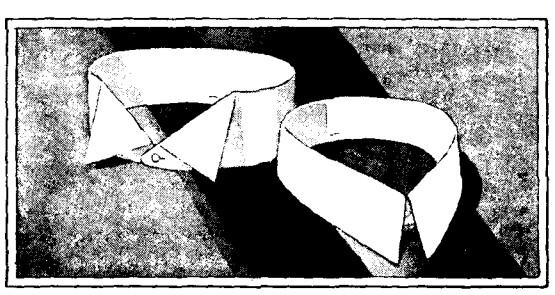
This university man's taste inclines toward straight-forward American styles. Here are pictured his choice of Ide shirts—the Blencourt 23 and the smart Surreystreet 5.

"Ide shirts with starched collars seem to me to meet all American requirements. That is why I think they are the choice of well-dressed men today. I have chosen for myself those Ide styles which I believe any well-dressed American would consider sensible."

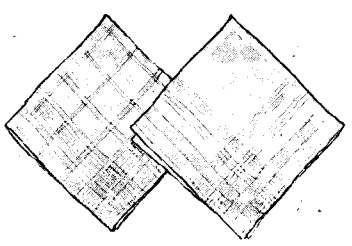
A booklet has been printed in which are gathered the opinions from ten American universities, on what better-dressed men consider good style. A copy of this guide to good taste, fullyillustrated with selections made by college men themselves, will be sent at your request. Write to Geo. P. Ide & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

The Ide haberdashery shown on this page was chosen for the personal use of the best-dressed man at the University of Chicago. His selections reflect the taste of the college men of today for styles that combine simplicity with smartness.





The University of Chicago's best-dressed man chose Ide's Tavistock. This shape makes the face look narrower. And for dinner clothes the Idetux was especially approved.



The crisp white handkerchief adds a touch of truly masculine smartness and style that most men like. The simplicity and sensible good taste of Ide's self-pattern white handkerchiefs, of imported Irish linen, won particular approval at the University of Chicago.

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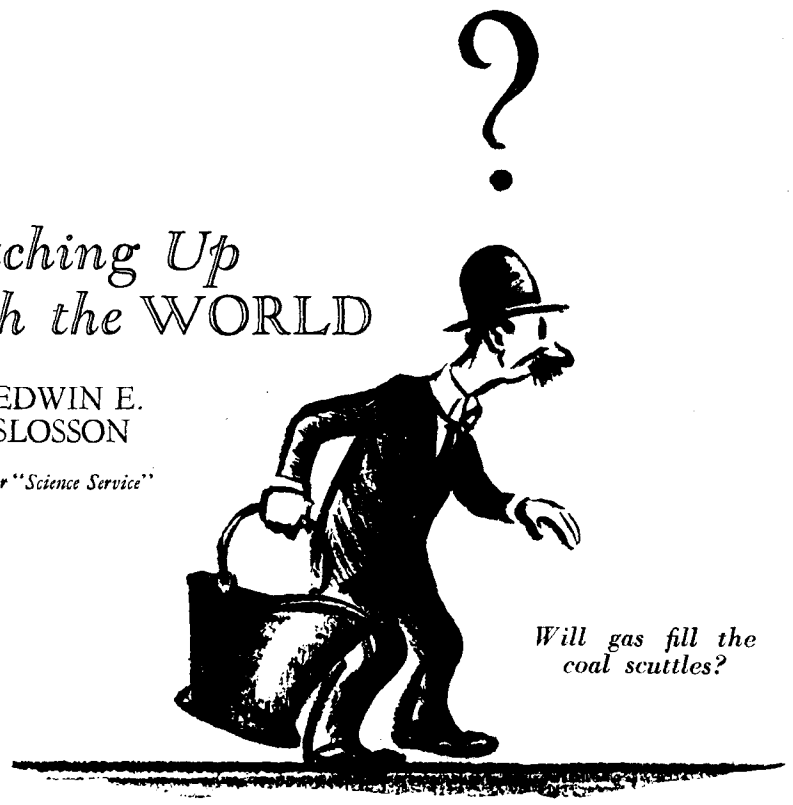
Catching Up with the WORLD

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"



Will gas fill the coal scuttles?

THE International Conference on Coal held at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh brought upon the same platform three inventors of the rival processes for making artificial motor fuel who have aroused such a sensation in Europe within the last four years: Professor Franz Fischer, Director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Coal Research at Muelheim-Ruhr; Dr. Friedrich Bergius of Heidelberg, Germany, and General Georges Patart of France.

In Europe the leading industrial and maritime nations, England, France and Germany, are virtually destitute of petroleum. In the United States little attention has been paid to gasoline substitutes, and we have laughed at the geologists who have warned us that the oil supply will not last more than a dozen or half dozen years more at the rate we are using and wasting it. But last year, when we began to receive shiploads of "wood alcohol," which was made in Germany from water and coal at a price with which our wood distillers could not begin to compete, we woke up.

The war deprived the Germans of what little oil they had in Alsace and of a large part of their best coal, so they set about to search for substitutes and for new ways of making their low-grade brown coal into more efficient fuel. A combustible is more valuable in a liquid than a solid form, both because of convenience in handling and because it can be used in the internal-combustion engines that are superseding steam.

The most useful of the fluid fuels are those which are composed of the two chemical elements, carbon and hydrogen, and which are found in nature in the form of petroleum. There are an infinite number of these compounds, ranging all the way from the gases of natural wells, through such liquids as gasoline and kerosene and heavy oils, down to such solids as paraffin, all of which are very complex mixtures of these simple substances. Let us call them "hydrocarbons" for short.

"The Chemical Clergyman"

SO TO get a suitable synthetic fuel all you have to do is to take carbon and hydrogen and hitch them together. Carbon you can get cheap enough in the form of coal. Hydrogen you can get for nothing in the form of water, but it will cost you something to divorce it from its affinity, oxygen. But when you get these two elements and put them together you will find that they will not unite. You can leave a lump of coal forever in an atmosphere of hydrogen and get no hydrocarbon.

Now here comes in the secret key that has opened this new and profitable field of industrial chemistry, the employment of the "catalyst" sometimes defined as "the chemical clergyman," because it has the power to join together two elements which otherwise would remain single, but once married form a permanent union.

The speed of the process, depends on the efficiency of the catalyst and on getting the elements you are uniting to stream past it as rapidly as possible. Various substances in a finely divided state have been found useful as catalysts, and their exact composition is apt to be kept as a trade secret. The most favored are such metals as iron, nickel, cobalt, zinc, chromium and manganese, usually in the oxide form.

In the processes of Fischer and Patart the carbon is put into a gaseous form by passing steam over beds of red-hot coal. This gives the well-known "water gas," which is a mixture of equal parts of hydrogen and the deadly carbon monoxide. Adding more hydrogen and passing the mixture of gases over the catalyst at a temperature of over 700 degrees Fahrenheit under a pressure of 150 atmospheres, Fischer gets a synthetic oil that is sold in Germany as a motor fuel under the name of "Synthol."

This is a mixture of the higher alcohols and other oxygenated compounds. Variation of the procedure gives methanol ("wood alcohol") and methane, which is the chief constituent of natural gas and all sorts of hydrocarbons up to tar and paraffin. A few weeks ago Fischer announced that he had found it possible to make pure benzene and good gasoline at much lower temperature and pressure.

The Bergius process is being put into practical operation in a large plant recently erected at Mannheim-Rheinau in Upper Silesia, to which the Prussian state has contributed $400,000. This plant is designed to convert 18,000 tons of coal dust into liquid form in a year. Impure coal containing sulphur may be used and the gases do not have to be purified.

On the other hand, the Bergius process has the disadvantage of having to employ higher temperature and pressure. At 840 degrees Fahrenheit and several hundred atmospheres no catalyst is needed. The powdered coal mixed with an equal amount of sand is placed in a steel cylinder of 140 cubic feet capacity rotated horizontally while the hydrogen gas streams through. From 35 to 45 per cent of the carbon is converted into hydrocarbons, a sort of synthetic petroleum which may be then distilled, like the natural, into gasoline, benzene and Diesel oils. Enough combustible gases are evolved to heat the cylinder and also to make the necessary hydrogen by reaction with steam.

The Lame Duck

Continued from page 32

discussion, for she paid very little attention to Patsy's violent protest.

"I'm in a jam," she told them, changing the subject. "No. I'm not eating lunch. I've got to get out to Berry Heights right away. I don't suppose there's anyone in the club with a car that needs exercise?"

"I have one here," said Elizabeth. "Want me to take you out?"

"It seems an awful lot to ask. It's thirty miles and slippery driving. But the bus won't leave for two hours, and our office hasn't any money for taxis. If it weren't very important, I wouldn't dream of letting you do it."

"I can drive through anything if you'll take the risk," laughed Elizabeth. "I'll be glad to do it. Give me a minute to telephone some people that I won't play bridge this afternoon. You're saving me money, you know. I've been holding cards with the Widow Casey's blackest curse on them lately."

SHE was off before Mrs. Pomeroy could protest and back again in three minutes with her gloves on. Another incredibly short interval and her heavy closed car went swiftly down the icy street and out of the business district. Neither woman spoke for a while. Elizabeth concentrated on her driving, sensitive to the least motion of slipping tires, and the older woman in the seat beside her relaxed, deep in thought.

"They raided a place out here," she said, out of her thoughts, "where there's been a lot of bootleg liquor held for transfer. There was some shooting, and a foolish boy was mixed up in it. An officer was hurt, though not killed. I want to see the boy's family before they get too worked up. It's a foreign community, and sometimes they get ugly over a situation like this. They resent the arrest and only half understand, and it sets our whole work back unless you can get in and explain. This was a nice boy too. Pity."

"Boy?"

"Not more than eighteen. He had a little car, and I suppose it was his way of being adventurous. Night rides to the border, storing the stuff in a little garage. The old people didn't know about it."

"Where's the boy now?"

"Jail," said Mrs. Pomeroy briefly.

The old people had not known anything about it. That was the whole story. Elizabeth, preferring to stay in the car, got only glimpses of it, but she saw enough. The dreary frame houses which she had driven past on her way to Chub Lake became homes to her—the homes of inarticulate foreign people, obviously in great grief, who greeted Mrs. Pomeroy with confidence and affection and followed her to the car, when she left, making her promise and promise again to tell the judge that their boy was a good boy. Elizabeth looked straight ahead, embarrassedly sorry for them.

"Those people," Mrs. Pomeroy told her, as they drove back, "have been leaders out here. It hits them hard. They get so resentful of everything and blame every condition except the boy's state of mind. Would you mind stopping just a minute at the jail while I see him? It's on our way back."

"Jail? Do you go there too? Can you get in?"

"Of course. Would you like to come in?"

Elizabeth laughed. She wasn't sure whether she wanted to or not, but she had become curious to see the boy.

"Yes, I'd be interested," she said.

She followed Mrs. Pomeroy to the jail door, where a man admitted them instantly on seeing who was there and was both cordial and friendly. The great iron doors swung tightly closed behind them, and Elizabeth shivered.

"We want to see the Walczak boy," said Mrs. Pomeroy.

The Walczak boy stood behind a grating which seemed to fence in a number of cells. His face was stony and impassive, but even Elizabeth saw that he was a nice boy. He looked like a healthy one, for his skin was clear and his eyes only miserable, not secretive. When he saw Mrs. Pomeroy his whole face changed and he looked very young, as if he wanted to cry and also wanted to run away because he had been in mischief.

"Let him come out and talk to me," said Mrs. Pomeroy to the jailer.

Elizabeth had no idea what they said to each other. She stood apart for a quarter of an hour, but there was a difference in the boy's eyes when Mrs. Pomeroy was done. She had somehow put courage and a measure of self-respect into them again. They stopped for a moment in the woman's corridor, and there too Mrs. Pomeroy was known and had something to say even to the sordid, vicious faces around her. At Elizabeth they only stared angrily or vacuously.

When they were out at last and the queer, confining sense of prison seemed something imagined or dreamed, the afternoon had quite gone. It was dark.

"You are through for to-day," said Elizabeth, "aren't you?"

"I shouldn't be, but I suppose I can't get up to the office now. The elevator stops at five, and our office is on the twelfth floor."

"Then I'll take you home."

"Just to the street-car line. Please—that's enough."

"No—not to-night. You must let me drive you home."

"It takes twenty minutes."

"What's twenty minutes? Talk to me about your work and tell me, will you, what you could do on this Washington commission."

"The only reason I'd like to be on it," said Mrs. Pomeroy, "is that I think they need someone who has actually seen the problems of foreigners after they get in here. Do you see? I have ideas about information they could be given when they first come into the country, about bureaus that could be established through the country that might do something to prevent the kind of things we saw to-day. It doesn't matter how clever the people on those commissions are, unless they actually care about the foreign population, unless they know from experience how we half spoil and neglect them. They won't get results. Do you see?"

"I see," said Elizabeth, her white profile very sober against the flickering glass of the car window.

"You go down this street," indicated Mrs. Pomeroy. "I live just half a block from here."

IT WAS just at that moment that Elizabeth's car skidded and the other car approached. Elizabeth slammed hers into the curb with a quick turn of her wheel and the car lurched horribly and stopped. The other car sped by into blackness.

"Now," said Elizabeth cheerfully, picking a flashlight out of her pocket as she turned off the ignition, "let's see what I did."

They both got out and looked at the broken axle.

"I shouldn't have let you take me home," said Mrs. Pomeroy worriedly; "it's all my fault."

"Don't be foolish, please. I'll just go to your house and telephone. Didn't you say it was only half a block from here? Please don't bother. I'll get the service car out for this mess and let them send Father's car for me."

Mrs. Pomeroy shook her head and let it go. There was nothing more to do. They walked together to the Billings house, where the family was just eating supper.

"There's May—late as usual," a complaint greeted them, and then the family became conscious of the visitor, and the atmosphere changed. Watching them, Elizabeth could not understand. The three were of one stock with the old man, but where had that strange, sweet, preyed-upon woman, May Pomeroy, come from, the only wedded one of the lot, obviously at a disadvantage among them?

(*Continued on page 36*)

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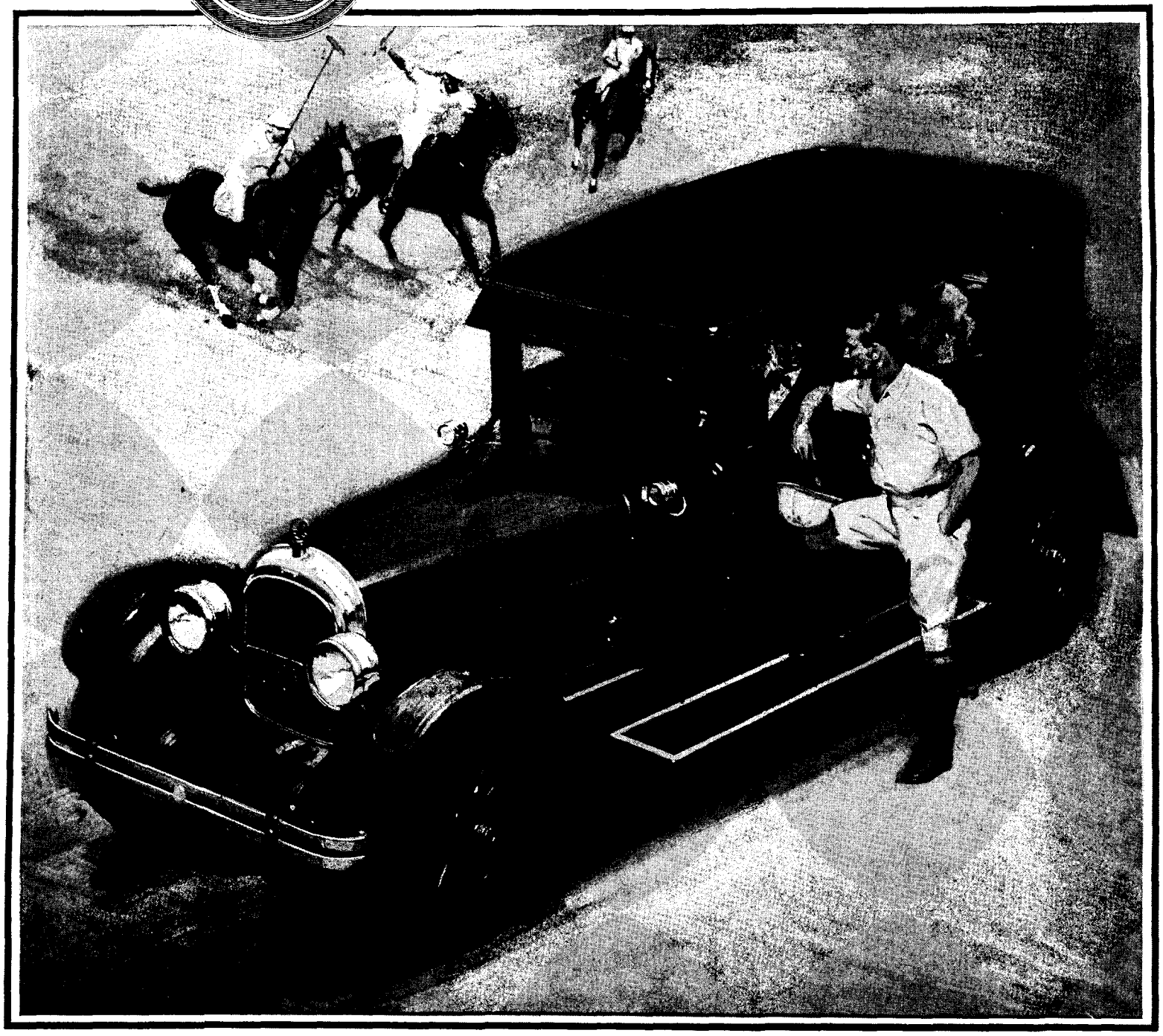

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The Lame Duck

Continued from page 34

"We went to North Berry and then to the jail," May explained. "I asked Miss Holliday to drive me out, and her car broke down."

They all protested.

"I think that's a shame, Miss Holliday! How awful of you, May, to get Miss Holliday into such trouble!"

"May's never happy unless she's fussing around a filthy jail, or something. Honestly I'm afraid of the germs she'll bring home. I don't think it's right for her to do it, to take the risk!"

"I think a little of this work is all right, but really when you come right down to it what good does it do? Now, statistics show there's just as much crime. In fact, it's on the increase!"

The little yellow-white man cackled: "I always say—the crowing hen—the crowing hen!"

"And she comes home to this every night!" thought Elizabeth as she sat among them and their pretensions, drinking Esther's poorly made coffee and waiting for her father's car to arrive.

SHE told Burton Chase about it some nights later. He was making a habit of seeing her when he could. They were sitting before a library fire in the soft, reflective mood when Elizabeth spoke of Mrs. Pomeroy. Chase had really introduced the subject.

"Of course I shall be a lame duck for a bit when I go back to Washington, but I think I'll probably find a job there that will tide me over, and one of these days I ought to be doing rather well. This thing I have in mind has possibilities of relations with foreign governments which might lead somewhere."

"You mean the Immigration Commission?"

"Wise political child—how do you know so much? Exactly. They can't do me out of that. There's some fool woman trying to get the place, but she hasn't a chance."

"She should have," said Elizabeth.

He stared.

"What do you mean?"

So she told him of Mrs. Pomeroy and the Walczaks and the jail and last of all of her home.

"Every woman in town wants her to have the place. They would all over the state."

Chase laughed.

"That won't make much difference!"

"I suppose not. But if you said you didn't want the place she would get it."

"Perhaps. But I'll say no such thing. It's a very good berth in a way, Elizabeth."

"I think she ought to have it."

He looked down at her as she sat on the divan, her sleek head held between her hands and the velvet of her dress a creamy splash around her.

"You are very sentimental about this lady with the unpleasant relatives. But the world doesn't owe her a living for that blunder. And you don't care what happens to me at all, do you?"

"Couldn't you do something else?"

"Something else!" he exclaimed bitterly. "I've given the best years of my life to that congressional game, and now they do me out of it. I suppose I could have done something else four years ago. I could do something else now with any help or backing. But that doesn't grow on bushes in Washington unless you play a very low game. Possibly I would have been wiser if I hadn't cared what kind of game I played but simply feathered my own nest, thick. Now I've got to step out, and you advise me to kick out the one board I have to step out on."

"But there must be lots of other things you could do!" she persisted.

"I suppose there are. I might dig ditches or go back to the practice of law at forty years of age, without any practice. I might do lots of things. What I want to do is to make enough money so I can have some of the things I've missed."

"What things?" she asked.

"Don't tempt me," he said abruptly. "I don't want to make that list out."

"I'd like to know what's on it," she said and looked up at him, smiling a little unsurely.

"Well, there are lots of minor things. But there's a new item at the top of the list lately."

He stood gazing at her, and she was very still so as not to break his thought or keep him from saying it all.

"I'd like to take care of you," he said, "and make you happy. That's one of my recent ambitions, but it seems to have erased a number of others."

His voice had lost all flippancy. It was very grave.

"You've somehow given me back some hope, Elizabeth. I was so disgusted when I came home that I didn't care whether school kept or not. Now I'm going back to take that place and make it boost me somewhere."

She got up, moving away from him.

"No. That place ought to go to Mrs. Pomeroy. If you had seen what I've seen of her work, you'd know. Please give it up, Burton. I don't want you to take it."

"I'm sorry, but it's impossible. I can't be a sentimental ass."

"I'd rather see you a sentimental ass," said Elizabeth slowly, "than a lame duck, forcing people to take care of you in a job that belongs logically to someone else, stealing a job, sponging on the public!"

She hadn't thought it would sound quite like that. She hadn't meant it to drive him away with such a white face. It was only as she stood after he had gone, saying it over to herself, to test it again, that she realized how cruel it had sounded and that it had only showed half of what she felt: only the pride which was the reverse side of the tenderness she was aching with.

When her father came in from his club later she was still sitting on the divan before a vestige of coals. Mr. Holliday had been playing bridge with Mr. Granger and two other devotees, and Mr. Holliday had won. He was feeling pleasantly mellow.

"I had a cable from your mother," he said. "She's sailing for home Monday. Be glad to see her. Whom have you been with to-night?"

"Burton Chase."

"I'm sorry he's gone. Burton's a nice chap. I was talking to Granger about him to-night. He says they've got him lined up for a job in Washington since he got licked for Congress. There's a kind of system about these things, you know. They can't let fellows out completely who know too much. Now, I would have thought myself that Burton could have done better by settling down right here. I was thinking the other night at dinner that I'd talk to him. Then I heard he'd got this place lined up."

"What were you going to talk about?"

MR. HOLLIDAY stretched himself and became affably confidential:

"Old Dick Harris is going to retire. People don't know it yet. But there'll be a vacancy in that law firm, and they could stand someone who knew people in Washington, with the income-tax business they handle and all their Eastern connections and one thing and another. Poor old Harris! If he'd taken care of himself, he'd never have had that blood pressure. Don't tell anyone that yet, Elizabeth. He's not telling until he's got his firm fixed. That's the kind of fellow Harris is. I wonder if he's thought of Chase. Everybody likes Burton out here. But I suppose he's disgusted with the raw deal this part of the country gave him in the election."

"He's had more than one raw deal," sighed Elizabeth.

"You might tell him to come around and see me—"

"I meant to," she said, "on another matter. But that's all off. He went away furious at me."

Mr. Holliday gave her a sharp glance and removed his cigar.

"What's that?"

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"I told him I didn't want him to be a lame duck," she explained, "and he didn't seem to like it. But I know I was right. I won't marry him if he takes that job. Unless he gives it up because he ought to give it up. I've got to have that job," said Elizabeth, rising dramatically to her slim height, "on a silver trencher! Like Salome. But it's no fun being Salome when you love a man—"

Her father was gaping at her.

"It's just as well your mother is sailing for home," he said.

"The thing will be all over before she gets here! The appointment will be made," Elizabeth answered.

The telephone rang imperiously, shocking the shadows.

"That's for me," said Elizabeth, going swiftly toward it. She listened, opened her own mouth and closed it, slowly replacing the receiver and growing rather pale.

"Well," asked her father, "who's on the wire this time of night?"

"Burton Chase. He tells me he isn't going to take that job. He said it with some violence. I've got the job—on my silver trencher! But it's all I have got. He rang off on me without asking me to dance for him—or with him!" Her voice broke in such a note of wretchedness that Mr. Holliday abandoned his cigar.

"What's all this! What's all this between you and Chase so suddenly?"

"I don't know. There doesn't seem to be anything between us, since he hung up on me. But now you will see that he hears about that Harris place, won't you? Father—you must—before he gets away. I'm going to call you up every ten minutes at your office tomorrow to make sure you don't forget!"

IT WAS the tea hour at the Woman's Club. A gala hour to-day. Someone had brought a bunch of Parma violets for May Pomeroy, and she had tucked them in the front of her shabby suit. Her face was glowing and almost beautiful.

Patsy Marlow was there. Jean Lane was there. Mrs. Vancil had come in to see if anyone had the inside information on the good news that had been in the morning paper.

"It must have been you who put it over with Granger, Patsy," said Jean Lane.

"He was perfectly inflexible when I talked to him. I don't think so. I think more likely it was the people you saw at the Capitol."

"They told me three days ago there wasn't a chance. May wouldn't touch the Davis Bond alliance, and I really didn't want her to. I'd given up hope absolutely."

"Isn't it queer?"

ELIZABETH HOLLIDAY came in just then and crossed the room swiftly to take Mrs. Pomeroy's hand.

"I'm so glad you have that appointment! You can't guess how glad!"

"What we all can't make out, Elizabeth, is what happened. I heard that Burton Chase had refused the appointment when it was offered to him. That was the talk around the Capitol."

"I heard that on good authority myself," said Elizabeth. "I think it's true."

"But why should he?" asked Patsy. "I suppose he has something better up his sleeve now. That must be the answer."

"I don't know whether you'd call it better or not." Elizabeth looked down at the group of her friends by the fire, and her mischievous, lazy smile teased them for a minute. "Up one sleeve may be the invitation that he's had to go into the Harris law firm. And up the other sleeve may be the fact that I'm going to marry him. But I do know that when he refused the appointment both sleeves were empty!"

Have You Turned Pro?

Continued from page 20

a newspaper the other day announcing that the winner of one of them was considering on offer to "turn professional and travel about the country meeting all comers." It did not say whether Mr. Pyle was interested or not.

The horseshoe pitching industry has been picking up, especially through the South. In Miami crowds gather to watch the champion meet the contenders in the public square. It needs only a proper ballyhoo to give the world a crop of professional horseshoe tossers.

My janitor complains woefully of the stupidity of his twelve-year-old son. "I bought him a set of boxing gloves and a punching bag and everything, but he don't care nuthin' about 'em. The fool kid just sits around and reads and studies. There ain't no big money in that kind of thing."

The milkman has a cross-eyed boy who wants to be a lawyer. His father discourages him. He wants him to go for moving pictures. "Look at what Ben Turpin makes!" he says.

Speaking of channel swimming, all wise husbands who value their wives as companions and who live near the water are moving hurriedly inland. It takes a strong-minded girl with no mercenary leanings to live near a body of water these days and not be overwhelmed by a desire to go in for long-distance stuff.

Not so many years ago not one woman in ten thousand could swim a stroke. Once a year the female went to the shore on the Sunday-school outing, put on the wardrobe required at the time, walked cautiously into the water up to her waist, and confined her activities to bobbing up and down and shouting, "Ooh, it's terrible, Mamie!"

To-day there are more swimming associations in some cities than there are civic societies and more swimming pools than there are parish houses.

A few months ago Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen startled the tennis world by turning professional. "Why all the surprise?" she asked. "Look at all the money I'm to get." Tennis authorities criticized Suzanne and said Mr. Pyle would get no opponents for her. Then Mary Browne and one Vincent Richards hopped over into the larger profits pasture. Others are certain to follow.

Ever since the Dempsey-Tunney fight I have been somewhat depressed. As I sat there and saw the great stadium fill with the largest crowd in boxing history and realized that Jack Dempsey would get $750,000 for a half hour's appearance and that Eugene Tunney, former clerk, would get $200,000, I was filled with a great regret that I had not chosen some line of work that could be done to advantage in the Yale Bowl or the Yankee Stadium. Most of the 150,000 spectators there probably felt the same way about it.

This professionalism is not limited to the sporting world. I know a gentleman dahlia grower who turned professional last week. He has been raising flowers for years as an amateur, purely as a hobby. But he has found there is money in it.

One of my neighbors is a coin collector. He has been acting strangely of late. There is a new light in his eyes. I have seen him in conference with several prosperous-looking individuals.

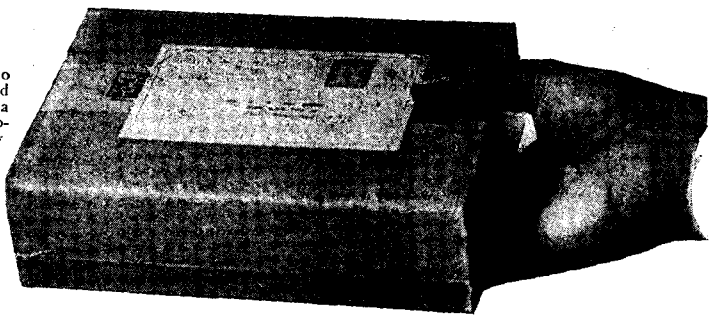
I saw him in the subway yesterday making a long column of figures on the edge of his newspaper.

I may be wrong, but I'll bet he is considering becoming a professional numismatician.

And I know a philatelist, or stamp collector, who seems to have something big on his mind lately too.

Who can tell?

Another article by Mr. Phillips will appear in an early issue



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HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IF you are a bookish person, you have probably heard about the Book-of-the-Month Club. Many of the most prominent people in the country have already subscribed to its service. Wherever books are talked about, it is likely to come into the conversation. Frequently, however, the simple idea behind it seems to be misunderstood.

There are hundreds of thousands of intelligent people in this country who are really anxious to keep abreast of outstanding new books, as they appear. But the average person *fails to read* most of these important books. He misses them because he is either *too busy* or *too neglectful* to go out and buy them. How often has this happened to you? "I certainly want to read *that* book!" you say to yourself, when you see a review or hear a book praised highly, by someone whose taste you respect. But, in most cases, you never "get around to it."

HEYWOOD BROUN

It is to meet this situation, chiefly, that the Book-of-the-Month Club was organized. It takes cognizance of the procrastination that forever causes you to miss the best books; *each month, without effort on your part, you will receive the outstanding new book published that month—just as you receive a magazine—by mail!*

How is the "outstanding" book each month chosen? How may you be sure it is a book that you would care to purchase anyway? In order to obtain a completely unbiassed selection, the Book-of-the-Month Club has asked a group of well-known critics, whose judgment as to books and whose catholicity of taste have long been known to the public, to act as a Selecting Committee. They are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White.

DOROTHY CANFIELD

These individuals have no business connections with the Book-of-the-Month Club. They were simply requested to function as judges, for the benefit of our subscribers, and they agreed to do so. Each month, the new books, *of all publishers*, are presented to them. From these, by a system of voting, they choose what they consider to be the most outstanding and readable book each month, *and that book is forthwith sent to every subscriber of the Book-of-the-Month Club.*

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Tastes differ, however. You may concede that a book selected by such a committee is *likely* to be one that you would not care to miss reading. But you may disagree with their choice in any one month. If so, *you may exchange the book you receive for any one of a number of other books which the Committee simultaneously recommends.* Thus, your choice among current books is no more limited than if you browsed in a bookstore. The only result is—that you actually *do* obtain and *do* read the books you want to read. This you won't do, in most cases, if you rely upon your present haphazard methods of book-buying.

The cost of this service is—nothing. The cost of the books is, in every case, the publishers' retail price.

WM. ALLEN WHITE

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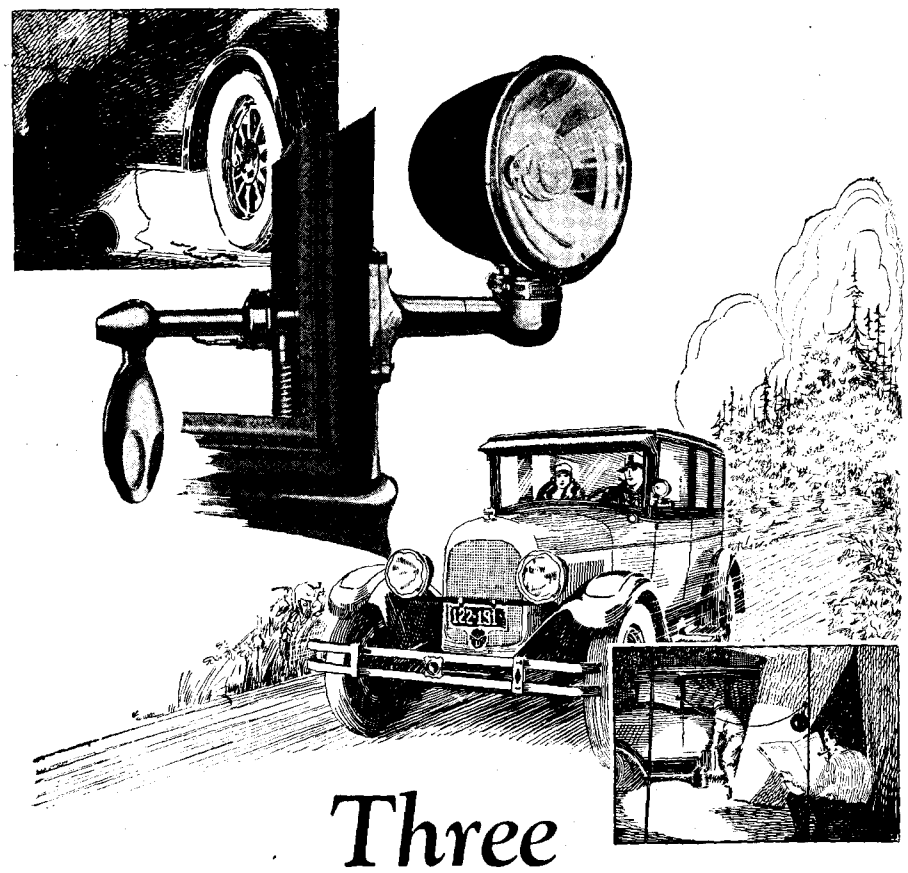

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THE ONLY REEL SPOTLIGHT

Come Out of the Kitchen

Continued from page 18

the truth that while there may have been dull moments in that schedule for you, the reader, there were none for me.

Observe it. I spent just one hour and seventeen minutes preparing, cooking and serving those two meals. If you are inclined to be fair, you will agree that they were meals that supplied enough calories and were of sufficient bulk and variety of units to be classified among the good substantial breakfasts and dinners. And I might have clipped that time a bit had we cared for uncooked cereal.

I have not included marketing because it so happened that all the marketing I might have required for the food I prepared that day had been done on a previous day.

I prepared no luncheon because my husband, like the majority of husbands, is not home for that meal and I do not eat luncheon.

Beware of Shadows

I HEAR scoffing protest. Your family, you say, is larger than mine. I have but two mouths to fill—my own and my husband's. But you have four. Or is it five? Very well, then; you will require more time to prepare meals.

But you can cut in half the time you have been taking for this very necessary duty of the servantless housewife. You gain nothing by shaking your head and cursing me for an empty theorist. I know. I have done it.

The majority of you WASTE in the kitchen just about as much time as is actually required to get meals for your families.

For the larger family it is the preparation of vegetables, fruits and salads that takes more time, not the cooking.

I am not absurdly suggesting that the schedule of my sample day be adopted as an arbitrary routine. No two of my days are alike. No two women see the same problem similarly. But it is entirely possible for any woman—with anything approximating a set of working brains and a willingness to reduce what she may cherish as her kitchen martyrdom—so to employ her minutes that none shall be unproductive.

Electrically operated labor-saving devices are gratifying, but they are in no wise necessary to her who would follow in the experiments I made. I had none except a suction or vacuum cleaner.

Lost motion in the kitchen is one of woman's most consistent plunderers. One unnecessary step is a small matter only when it is not multiplied by several hundred or a thousand. But a thousand unnecessary steps means something like sixteen minutes, and only a tired woman understands fully the awful tax of sixteen minutes.

The arrangement of one's kitchen comes in here. It is the disarrangement of the kitchen that causes unnecessary steps.

In the well-ordered kitchen steps are saved by the logical arrangement of your larger equipment. For example, in preparing food for the stove you start at the refrigerator, don't you? Then you proceed to the worktable above or near which the utensils and foodstuffs most frequently used are kept. Very well, then, your refrigerator should be adjacent to your worktable and facing the same way.

Then to the range. Assuming the kitchen to be rectangular, the range should be directly across the short dimension of the kitchen from the work table. This should seem obvious enough.

Vegetables usually go from the sink where they have been prepared to the stove. It is wise, therefore, to have the sink on the same side of the room as the range and, if possible, near it. It may not be feasible to move the range or sink, but seldom are insuperable difficulties faced in moving the work table and refrigerator. I am not, you see, advising anybody to move or abandon a home to save these unnecessary steps I condemn.

Beware of shadows and dazzle spaces from your kitchen lamp. One of the kitchen's common errors is an electric lamp of low or at least insufficient wattage. Try 100-watt lamps. Have your lamps up near the ceiling to avoid shadows and let them be shaded or frosted to prevent glare.

So much time is spent at the sink that, so far as time and health are concerned, I am inclined to call it the most important unit in your kitchen.

Stand in front of your sink. If, standing erect, you can lay your palms flat upon the floor of the sink, it is all right. Keep it that way. If it is lower, I recommend that you spend the $25 it will cost to raise the sink. It isn't the occasional stooping that makes the housewife's spine an avenue of agony; it is the sustained stooping over a sink that is too low. There are thirty-six-inch sinks made to-day. Certain manufacturers have been convinced of their value. Happy is she who has one.

Beware of the cluttered kitchen. Too many utensils are much less to be desired than too few. To have no more than required is the ideal situation.

Have your shelves so spaced that you minimize the stacking of the bowls and plates you use oftenest. Thus you are relieved of the agony of lifting out whole towers of crockery to get one piece and then piling them back only to find a few minutes later that you need another large bowl which, depend upon it, will be at the bottom of the deck.

Keep your excess china and glass out of the way. Have those utensils most often in demand at the easiest reached points.

The haphazard meal is frequently as bad as it sounds. You make out menus on Friday for Saturday, Sunday and Monday. You do this because you may not want to get into the Saturday morning market mobs and you can't market on Sunday.

Why not, then, make out menus on Friday or Saturday for Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday? Taking care of the emergency guest is not a difficult matter, and seldom are you invaded by an unexpected battalion. And do your marketing accordingly. Buy in week lots those foodstuffs which are not perishable.

Suppose, then, that we name the three rules for emancipation from a life at the gas range.

First: Thoughtful meal planning.
Second: Common sense in marketing.
Third: The elimination of lost motion in the kitchen.

You Gain a Sense of Ease

YOU may be able to get breakfast in twenty-four minutes only to be frustrated by a tardy member of the family who blocks traffic six or seven minutes.

But in those six or seven minutes you can wash and put into the refrigerator the salad greens you have scheduled for luncheon and dinner.

If you plan coffee jelly or coffee mousse for to-night's dessert, make just that much more coffee for breakfast. Perhaps you already do that. If so, good. Apply the same brain work to the rest of the day.

After preparing muffins for to-day's luncheon, think for a moment before putting away the utensils and food supplies used in muffin making. Or, better, look at your menus for to-night and to-morrow. The same utensils and supplies may be used to make the cookies you want for dinner or the nut bread for to-morrow.

Besides saving your feet and back, you are maintaining your good morning morale. You will find that the very knowledge that you have utilized morning minutes which used to be wasted, to do work which ordinarily would have to be done after you got home from the matinée, the pictures, the golf club, the bridge party or whatever place you spent your afternoon, gives you a sense of ease and comfort which is more than merely physical.

This I know.

I tried it and it worked.

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The Great Dreamer

Continued from page 11

pitted against each other in the pitiless struggle for existence quite naturally often find it difficult to 'love their neighbors as themselves.'

"Nothing is more certain in my opinion than that morals cannot be inculcated or improved by statutory enactment or judicial sentence.

"Poverty and misery on the one hand and idleness and self-indulgence on the other are alike fatal to good morals.

"Morals have slowly improved with the centuries but modern morals have still far to go in the march to real morality.

"Men still lie to and cheat one another in the struggle for advantage in the scramble for existence. A woman can still earn more money in self-degradation in five minutes than she can by a week of honest work, while a prize-fighter receives more for a few minutes' work with his fists than the greatest intellectual genius can command in a year.

"But I have entire faith in the steady development of a higher morality and in the ultimate moral redemption of the race."

Question: "What is your conception of the Plain Man and His Wife—politically, socially, intellectually, spiritually, economically?"

Mr. Debs: "The plain man and his wife are now chiefly concerned in 'getting a living' rather than in achieving and enjoying life. They have a sense of economic insecurity and of uncertainty as to the future which begets moral weakness, rather than moral stamina, and inspires fear rather than courage, especially in their advancing years. The job may slip away, the income may fail, or there may be loss of health, with the consequent prospect of poverty and want in old age, the dread of which casts its blighting shadow upon the common life and robs it of most of its charm and beauty.

"As a matter of fact, the average workingman and his wife remain largely undeveloped, intellectually, morally and spiritually, in the present struggle for existence. Few of them ever attain the heights of real life, independent and care-free, rejoicing in their strength and giving free rein to their elemental passion to live, to expand, to develop their higher powers that they may have life richer and more abundant not only for themselves but also for all their fellow-beings."

Question: "What, Mr. Debs, do you think of the modern young woman?"

Mr. Debs: "The modern woman has my unqualified appreciation and admiration for all she is and says and does that make for her complete economic, political, social and cultural equality and freedom. The only fault I have to find with her is that she is not sufficiently modern: that, save in a few instances, she still suffers herself to be held in the conventional restraints which prevented her free, unfettered intellectual development and kept her for ages under the dwarfing despotism of man's dominion.

"It does not matter to me how she dresses or what she does in private or public so long as she pleases herself. She is perfectly entitled as a human equal to every right and privilege that man enjoys, and to meet and deal with man as his equal in every relation of life.

"I feel perfectly safe in trusting her moral intuition to keep her safe. And I rejoice in seeing her open one after another the doors of opportunity, so long closed and barred against her sex, and faring forth in new adventures."

A Slave to His Party

QUESTION: "What do you think of the average man's interest in politics and affairs of the nation?"

Mr. Debs: "The average man has interest enough, generally speaking, to vote, but not the intelligence nor the interest in his vote to know what he is voting for. He prides himself upon voting a clean, unscratched ticket and upon his party loyalty, yet, having no intelligent idea of what his party stands for nor the least disposition to know, he is entirely satisfied when 'his man' wins and his party dispenses the patronage.

"The average man is a slave to his party in politics and a conformist in his creed in religion. He lacks the intelligence to realize his ignorance, which is monumentally in evidence in the fact that while he is in an overwhelming majority he suffers himself to be ruled and exploited by an insignificant minority."

She (after shooting man): "Oh, I beg your pardon! I thought you were my husband!"

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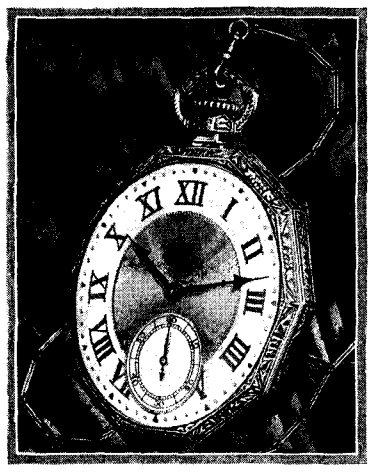

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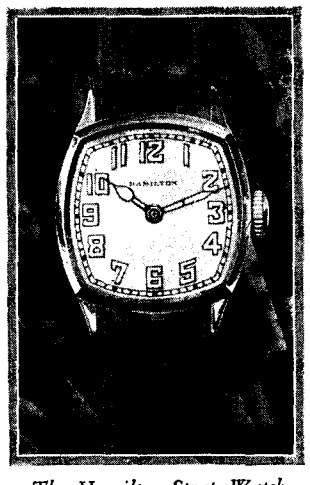

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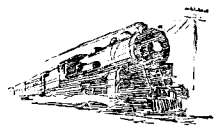

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Hamilton Watch

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

Sagging South

Continued from page 10

"Singapore's almost on the equator," said he. "Bound to be hot."

"Worth seeing, though, I'm sure."

"Oh, yes."

"They say the Botanical Gardens are beautiful. It will be interesting to drive around the place. New kinds of people." She was thinking with a daring that had no place in this phase of her life, "I wonder if I could steal him. There was a day when I could steal anybody's man."

"Oh, yes," said he. "Yellow people yesterday, brown people to-morrow." He was looking at her now. She knew she was still pretty. Trim and slim. "And mangosteens. I've always wanted to eat a mangosteen." Was his interest stirring a very little?

"I wonder what they taste like. People rave so."

"Something, I'm told, between a Bartlett pear and apricot ice."

"Man, you make my mouth water." Their eyes met for an instant.

"But this isn't dressing for dinner," said she brightly, and was gone. Once in her own cabin she closed the door and considered herself in the long mirror. Hmm! Not ready yet for the Old Ladies' Home. Not by a long shot. "I believe I can save that child yet," she murmured.

IT WAS *a composed Emmy that stood,* later, beside Mr. Bransfield's couch. He looked wan and old. She was fond of him.

"I've decided not to go ashore, dear," said he.

"Oh, I'm sorry you don't feel—"

"But I want you to go. Join up with one of the parties. The Dunnings would be glad to include you. I'll be all right here. They take perfect care of me."

That old daring was at her again. "Well," said she, very quiet, "perhaps it would be sensible to go."

After dinner she found Anabel in the writing-room. "I've rather taken you on, child," she said. "I want you to spend the evening with me. Will you?"

The girl nodded. "I'll be glad to."

"And will you promise to go straight to bed then? Keep off that topside deck?"

The second nod came more slowly, but acquired vigor. "What are you up to, Emmy? Reorganizing me?"

"Exactly that."

"I need it, right enough."

"Another thing. I've spoken to the Dunnings about you. They're going to ask you to spend the time ashore with them."

"Oh, but . . ."

"Will you do it?"

A silence. Then, "Yes," said Anabel firmly.

Whatever it may have cost her emotionally, the girl kept her word. Emmy couldn't resist checking up. Long after midnight the quondam actress stole daringly up to the boat deck and from behind a friendly ventilator peeped out for a moment at the solitary waiting figure of Harding Hull.

The sun, a red orange ball, popped above the horizon, and all at once it was day, with early coffee on deck. Through the long roadstead the Sargasso moved in stately disdain. More and more emerald islands floated by above an oily turquoise sea. Junks of Malaysia and China drifted astern. Rusty tramp steamers nosed between fishing craft and catamarans. Then the crowded harbor. . . .

Anabel, pensive, surrounded by the Dunning party, watched the glistening brown boys diving for silver coins. Emmy didn't appear. And Harding Hull walked alone.

THEY were gone, all those eager folk, with their parasols, pith helmets, cameras. A fleet of waiting motor cars had whirled them away from the fenced-in landing. The coal lighters and provision boats were working in alongside.

Through the nearly deserted ship Emmy Delavan walked alone, in her prettiest white dress and lacy shade hat. Very composed was she, humming softly a remembered melody as she sauntered down the gangway to the pier and picked her way between bales of white and dun rubber, sugar, rice and tapioca. A pile of teak logs lay at one side. And as she moved her shrewd blue eyes searched about for a solitary, tall figure.

Out in the fenced landing area she found him and nodded discreetly.

"Well!" said she, with an expression of surprise. "You're not off with the shore party?"

"No? And you?" He had to say something.

"Me? Oh, my husband didn't feel up to it. But he quite insisted on my stepping off for a look-see. And tiffin at the Raffles. I'd promised myself one real curry, you see." She looked about, charmingly helpless. "I thought I'd just pick up a rickshaw and ride over there. Hot, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's hot." (Artlessly enough she studied him.) "Bound to be, of course."

"Oh yes. Of course. Waiting for your wife? We might all go over together."

For a brief moment he couldn't answer that. But she simply waited. "My wife isn't up to it either."

"Oh, too bad," said she.

Then, after a really awkward silence, he turned his deep eyes full upon her. "I was looking for Miss Cayne. Have you seen her?"

So he couldn't help coming right out with it. He shouldn't have, of course. But she liked his blunt honesty. "Anabel?" said she brightly. "Oh, yes; she went with the shore party. The Dunnings took her along."

All he could say to that was, "Oh!" Just a guarded but pathetically transparent "Oh!"

"So here we are," said she. "Perhaps the sensible thing would be to—" She hesitated, smiling prettily.

The gloomy eyes took her in. Then he contrived a smile. He was game.

"To share the curry," he finished for her, adding with a touch of rather unnecessary force, "I rather think we'd better."

As they moved out through the gate she laughed softly. "At least they seem to have more sociable rickshaws here. Room for two."

He handed her in to the canopied seat and followed. The coolie picked up the shafts and stood waiting his orders.

Hull was scowling. But in a moment the scowl gave way to a short laugh. Inquiringly she turned her face up to his. She meant to have no mercy.

"The words will sound rather crude," said he, "but I'm questioning whether we should go to the Raffles. All the gossips on the ship will be lunching there."

"Perhaps we could find some quaint native place."

"I'll inquire at the bank," said he.

BECAUSE William P. Dunning was a heavy importer of rubber the Sultan of Anpore called on him at the Raffles and stayed to tiffin. The distrait Anabel found rather incredible the slender, handsome brown man who drove a cream-colored roadster of the costliest English make. He had been to Oxford. His manners were perfect.

Mrs. Dunning, as soon as he had gone, withdrew to her room, complaining of the heat. It appeared that nobody stirred about in this climate until late afternoon. The polyglot city quieted. Anabel found a seat in the lounge and added up the few remaining traveler's checks in her vanity case. She would have liked to pick about among the laces, batiks, bronze boxes and trinkets on display at her elbow, but firmly averted her eyes. Ceylon lay ahead (she'd had to forswear Hindustan). Then Egypt, Italy, the Riviera, and Paris. It was high time, for that matter, to be thinking of all the tips she'd have to dispense at New York.

New York! Already, from the other side of the world, that great cold city

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was closing in on her heart. She knew she'd never return to Coventry, Mass. So far her pathetically epic venture was a failure. There was no husband in sight. It appeared likely now that she'd find none. (Had she been wholly mad?) She'd have to do something, barely to live. Without a special talent it was difficult. She wasn't even a trained stenographer—merely a pretty girl, with a measure of charm and a college education, who had no smallest niche of her own in the vast human organization. A disorganized small girl.

She'd blundered even in undertaking to spend the night ashore. Simply couldn't afford to. What it came down to was shaving every penny all the way through the other half of the world. Certainly she couldn't ask the self-absorbed William P. Dunning to pay her bill here at the hotel. Couldn't permit it. And quite as certainly she couldn't pay it herself. So she wrote a brief note —"chits" such notes are called in the East—thanking William P.'s wife for their courtesy, and set out down a sultry avenue toward the landing.

AT ONE crossing a bullock cart blocked her way. She stepped around behind it. A horn squawked. The fender of a cream-colored roadster brushed her aside. She heard a crash. She seemed to be lying in the street. Strange people were crowding about. An anxious brown face bent over hers; an arm supported her head.

"Oh!" she breathed. "It's you!"

"Thank Heaven, I didn't kill you!"

"I'm all right." She was sitting up now. She saw the creamy car careened against a stone pillar. "Oh, I'm sorry! Your car. . . ."

"The car is nothing. I have hurt you!"

"Not a bit, I'm sure. Just let me get on my feet." The sultan helped her. Nervously she giggled, brushing her skirt. "It's lucky your streets are so clean."

He waved the curious brown crowd away and led her into a convenient restaurant. "If you will sit a moment, I will have whisky brought."

"Oh, no, really, I never drink it. I'm perfectly all right."

"I will call a taxi and take you back to the Raffles."

"I'm not going back there."

"But you are with the Dunnings."

"Oh, no. Only for tiffin." Then, in a perverse mood, she added, "I'm alone. Traveling alone. I was on my way back to the ship."

"But the ship is impossible in port. So hot!"

"And my room"—she smiled ruefully —"is the hottest place aboard."

"Then I wonder . . . I found you so delightful . . . would it be too much to offer you a little refreshment here while they replace the wheel of my car? And then perhaps a ride? You must not be left alone now." The dark eyes—friendly, interested eyes—were full on her. "It would give me the greatest pleasure to see more of you. And you must not be left to walk alone."

Her heart was responding weakly. This was the sultan of a great Malay principality, a ruler and a gentleman.

"If it isn't troubling you too—"

"Really! Miss Cayne!"

"I'd love it."

"You are traveling alone?"

"Yes."

"But that will not do. You are too pretty. You have too great charm. I do not understand the American girl."

They were riding over a road of crushed white shells through the Malay jungle, an impenetrable tangle of immense tropical trees and trailing vines and matted undergrowth.

"Do you have tigers here?"

"Not often."

"We're not very complicated. I mean the American girl. We're just people. Are there wild elephants?"

"Oh, yes. I nearly struck one last week, bringing some English people home from a dance. He was standing squarely across the road." The sultan drove skillfully on, musing, "I find you disturbing."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Well . . . the difficulty is, I'm falling head over heels in love with you."

"You can't mean that."

"I can. I do. But you go so soon. To-night I must return you to the ship. To-morrow you sail. It is dreadful. I might follow. To Egypt, to Paris, even to New York."

Anabel found herself thinking, rather bitterly. "There isn't a living soul, really, who cares a damn whether or not I get back to the ship to-night."

"I was desolate, you see, over the necessity of leaving you this noon. I supposed then I should never see you again. But now I am glad. Even of the accident. Even that I knocked you down."

"I'm glad too"—Anabel began, but stopped short. You couldn't simply drift with every cross-current. Not, that was, unless your disorganization was complete. A difficulty was that each fresh cross-current had a way of appearing to be the main stream.

He asked, then, a question that was adult to the core. Simply, seriously, "Have you a lover?"

She knew she ought to reply with an instant negative. But a naïve sense of honesty made her hesitate. Already he was misinterpreting that hesitation. She knew. But she didn't seem to care. "No," she said.

"I am glad of that. Do you know where I am taking you?"

"How could I?"

"To Anpore. I want you to see our ancient city. And my—my palace. It's pretty showy, of course. We have to keep it up. Our people wouldn't understand simplicity. Wouldn't like it, really. I've picked up plenty of other notions in England and France, God knows, but I can't indulge them out here. The traditions of the East run very, very deep."

"Do you have elephants?"

He laughed aloud. "Heavens, yes! Any quantity of 'em. And carved howdahs with brocade curtains. I will give you an elephant for your own."

"Wouldn't he be rather in the way on the ship?"

"I'm hoping that you'll consider giving up the ship. You must forgive my desperate haste. But, you see, I have only to-day. I want to marry you."

"I should have to think about that."

"I will be frank. Soon we shall be at Anpore. I am going to captivate you if I can." How simple he was. A boy in spirit. "I would do everything in my power to make you happy. Luxury I can offer you."

Anabel found herself entertaining the somber thought, "Perhaps it is the way out."

SHE had never seen such an apartment. A wrinkled, kindly brown woman escorted her within. She looked about at the silken hangings, at the carvings on walls and ceiling, at the inlaid furniture and the exquisite color and design of the rugs. Incense burned in a censer of worked gold. The wrinkled woman brought warm water in a bronze basin and towels of damask.

A door opened. A veiled young woman appeared in Eastern dress, saying, in English, "I have come to attend you, Miss Cayne."

Anabel started. She was all nerves. The voice was unmistakably British. The wrinkled woman withdrew.

"I didn't suppose," she said, "I would meet English people here."

The young woman removed her veil, disclosing a pale face, a tired face. "I am the only one." She smiled. "That is why I was sent."

"But how do you happen to be here?"

"I am His Majesty's fourth wife."

"Oh," breathed Anabel, adding, in as nearly an offhand manner as she could contrive, "Indeed!"

"You would like to rest before dinner?"

"Why . . . yes, thanks, I would."

"You will find a robe there on the divan. May I help you undress?"

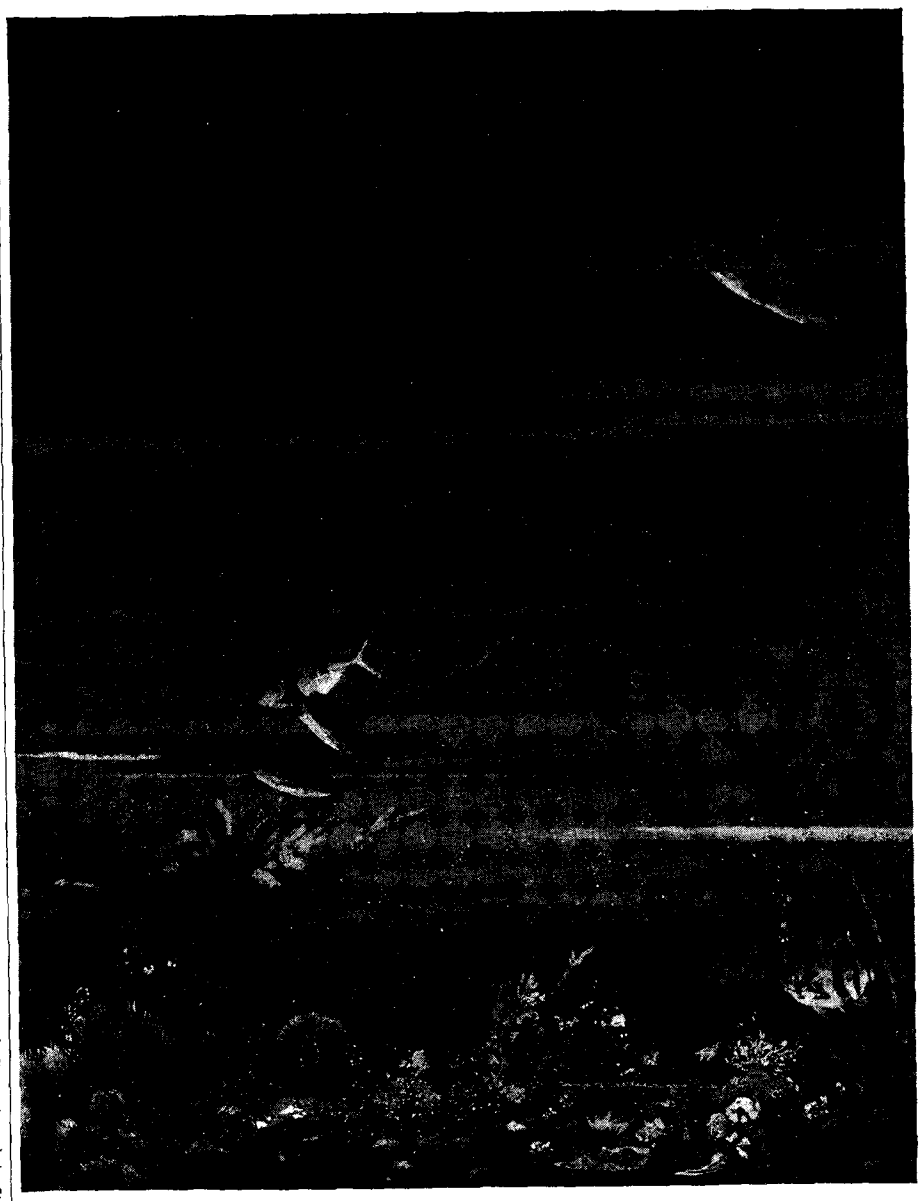
"No, thanks. I'll keep my clothes on."

"Very well. I'll call you later."

"Wait a moment. Tell me, how did you come to—to marry His Majesty?"

The young woman stood motionless for a moment; remarked, simply, "I was his typist in Paris one winter. He was kind to me." Then she picked up her veil and vanished.

(*Continued on page 42*)



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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Sagging South

Continued from page 41

Anabel sank on the divan and gazed out through a carven lacery of grillwork at the spreading top of a palm tree. She must think, of course. If she could think. Polygamy wasn't a new problem. She'd faced it, right enough, in Peking. That slender charming Manchu emperor had concubines. They'd never understand it in Coventry, Mass., but she couldn't help that. It was half the world. Hundreds of millions of honest folk. The oldest of human traditions, when you stopped to think. They had it in the West, for that matter, but didn't call it by its right name.

But she was frightened. She shouldn't have come. He'd never have brought her here, actually into his harem, if she hadn't been compliant. Gone off in his car. Told him she was traveling alone. Hesitated when he asked if she had a lover. All pretty bad, in a way. She couldn't blame him. He knew Western standards, such as they were. Certainly she hadn't exhibited standards of any sort.

Softly a door opened. She sat erect, trembling. It was that English girl, hesitating, veil in hand.

"May I presume?" she asked, uncertainly.

"By all means. Come in and sit down."

"You are very kind. I couldn't resist. I've gone through so much. I must ask you. It is being whispered everywhere about the palace. Are you to marry the sultan?"

Anabel clasped her hands tightly and looked out through the grillwork at the palm trees. "Why . . . no," she finally said. "No, I don't think I am." But she wasn't even sure of that. She felt like putty.

"It is dangerous, in a way, but it is the only chance I have had in four years. Nobody comes that I can talk with. Sometimes I think I am going out of my mind. I am always shut away. Shut away! Ever since I tried to escape, that dreadful first year. Tell me . . . will you tell me? . . . has he asked you to marry him?"

"Yes."

"And you have not accepted?"

"Not yet."

"Then why could he have sent me to you? The message came directly from him. I was to attend you. Did he tell you he had other wives?"

"Why . . . no. No, he didn't. Though of course I knew something of the Eastern customs."

"I see. Hmm! I see." The English girl nodded sagely. "He wanted you to know. At once. Before you pledged your word. Yes, that was like him. He is kind. And fair, always fair."

"I DON'T think I quite understand that," remarked Anabel, conscious of returning practical sense. Of a little sense, at least. "If he is kind, and fair, why wouldn't he let you go?"

"Oh, that's another thing altogether. He is really helpless. The palace is, after all, part of the government of Anpore. There are shrewd native statesmen. There are cliques and intrigues. And the terrific force of tradition and caste. They look askance, the strong men, at his fondness for white women. They have made it very hard for me. They aren't altogether unfair either if you take their point of view into account. They're afraid of Western influence affecting the native women. It wouldn't do. We're pretty deep in the unfathomable East here, you see."

"You're warning me," mused Anabel.

"Yes, in a way. But that isn't really why I dared to come back. I simply had to ask if you would try to help me escape. Doubtless you can't. But it's my first chance in years. I may never have another. I could get help in Singapore, if I could only reach there."

Anabel considered, quietly, gravely. "I'm a hundred years old," she thought.

"Please," she said, "send for the sultan to come here at once."

"You will meet him at dinner."

"No. Now!"

"I will slip out." The girl was trembling.

"No. I want you here."

He came, a slender, charming figure, wearing a uniform, sword and jeweled turban. The two of them, the English girl in embroidered Malayan costume, the American in trim white, were seated hand in hand on the divan. The occasion took on a certain formality.

"I am going to ask you," said Anabel, all practical little Yankee, "to send us both to Singapore. At once." Then her eyes filled. She rose and extended a frank hand. "But first I want to thank you for your kindness, and to express my . . . regret."

He stood a long moment, frowning at first. Finally he clasped the proffered hand. "I will take you myself," he said.

"No, really, if you will just send . . ."

"There is no one I can trust." He *was* a gentleman. "Come!"

THE Sargasso, on the following evening, plowed the phosphorescent calm waters of Malacca Strait. The lazy routine of the cruise went on, serenely. There was a deck dance in progress, and not until late did Emmy Bransfield succeed in drawing Anabel aside.

"Did you have a good time ashore, dear?" Emmy seemed in rather pressing mood. Bright of eye; prettier than usual.

"Oh . . . interesting." Anabel looked tired. "The Botanical Gardens were attractive. I came back last evening, you know. Slept on board."

"Have you heard anything from . . . him?"

Anabel started. "Him? Who?"

"Bless my soul, child. . . ."

"Oh! Oh, of course! No, not a word." She had forgotten. "And that," she reflected moodily, "is the answer." But her face was a mask.

"How do you—" Emmy's sparkling eyes were trying to probe that mask—"how do you feel about him now?"

"Simply not at all." Anabel. "I was a plain little damn' fool." She smiled then, rather wanly. "But it was wonderful of you to—"

"Nonsense, dear! I simply had to step in. I have had rather more practical experience with life than you. And I couldn't let you throw yourself away like that."

"I'm pretty glad you let me tell you. And that you didn't misunderstand."

"Confession *is* good for the soul, isn't it? That's the secret of psychoanalysis, of course. Find the seat of a nervous or emotional sickness and open it to the air. Then you're cured. They do the most marvelous things, you know. If you're in trouble."

"I'm through with adventures," said Anabel.

"It was a pretty hard situation for anybody to handle. Even a more—*more experienced woman.* I don't wonder you're shaken. Remember, you can always come to me. I do want to help."

"Of course," said Anabel, quietly . . . "whenever there's anything to tell." Then she said good night and went below.

The helpful friend accompanied her to the elevator and kissed her.

Then Emmy stood a moment in thought. She had reason to know that somewhere up topside, among the shadows of funnels and ventilators and cradled boats, would be the waiting figure of Harding Hull. Her narrowed gaze strayed toward the deck door.

"No," she decided, "we'll just turn that page. Close the dangerous little book."

And so she went to bed.

Another Anabel adventure, "The Malabar Pearl," will appear in next week's issue of Collier's

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Jilted

Continued from page 30

He spoke almost shyly. "I must have."

The girl was dazed. The boy in the photograph was the man who stood before them on the pier.

"Gwen," he said, "I want to thank you for what you did. You saved my life. I've not been much of a man, I guess, and sometimes I used to think, out in that jungle, it wasn't worth making a fight for it! And then when I knew you cared, Gwen, it made all the difference. I'd something to live for!"

It was as much as she could do to hide her repugnance.

IN THE weeks that followed she was more unhappy than she could ever remember. Once again her life was changed. She looked back on the days before Fred's return to San Francisco as on some far-off golden epoch.

She grew pale and thin. Her color faded. She no longer laughed. When in Fred's company her heart was with Eddy, and she found it difficult to talk. She felt it did not matter either. Fred was a silent man, her silence would mean nothing.

Had he been overbearing, confident of himself, certain of her, how easy it would have been to tell him the truth! His humility and meekness, his amazement that she should be going to marry him, daunted her. She must play the game.

But when at length he asked her to fix the date of their wedding she was desperate and said she would have to think.

She left the house early the next morning, and when Eddy arrived at the office building on Market Street where he was employed she was waiting outside.

The whiteness of his face, his sad eyes, shocked her.

"Eddy," she said, "whether I'm Fred's girl or not, I can't marry him."

"Right, sweetheart: then I'll have to tell him."

"No," she said sharply, "it must come from me."

"Why must it?"

"If you tell him, he'll know we were in love with each other before he got home, and it would break his heart. I'll tell him myself."

That afternoon Fred took her out to the beach.

An hour passed before she had nerved herself to the ordeal of explaining that never, never could she be his wife. They stood side by side and gazed at the blue waters of the Pacific, sparkling in the sunshine, and the whirling white winged sea birds and a steamer, outward bound.

"Fred," she said, in a little shaking voice, "you asked me yesterday to fix the day when we were to be married!" Very gently she took his hand in hers. "Fred, I've something important I want to say to you!"

He stopped her.

"Listen to me, Gwen, first. There's not much in my life I can look back on with pride. I'm not fit for you, I know. But I guess that's not the point, exactly. What I wanted to tell you was, I've been searching my heart, Gwen, and I've got to confess things aren't what I thought they were." In his pale faded eyes was a look of such haunting misery that she was abashed. All that part of his yellow, seamed face not hidden by his beard and mustache was strained and anxious. "Gwen, I don't really love you! Is that a shock to you, dear?"

She put her knuckles to her lips and tried to think coherently.

"Gwen, it's hurt you, I know. But, Gwen, you couldn't be happy with a man who didn't love you, could you? And, Gwen, I'm not the only man in the world either! Sometimes the looker-on sees most of the game. I've seen what you haven't. Eddy loves you. That's the truth. Gwen, Eddy's a better man than I am, every way. I asked him to look after you. It wasn't his fault he fell in love with you, of course. Marry him, Gwen, and you'll learn to love him in time, I'm sure. Gwen, I'm giving you good advice. Put me out of your mind and marry Eddy!"

AND then, though there were people in sight watching, he kissed her. She began to weep, softly, miserably, her hands to her face.

He patted her shoulder.

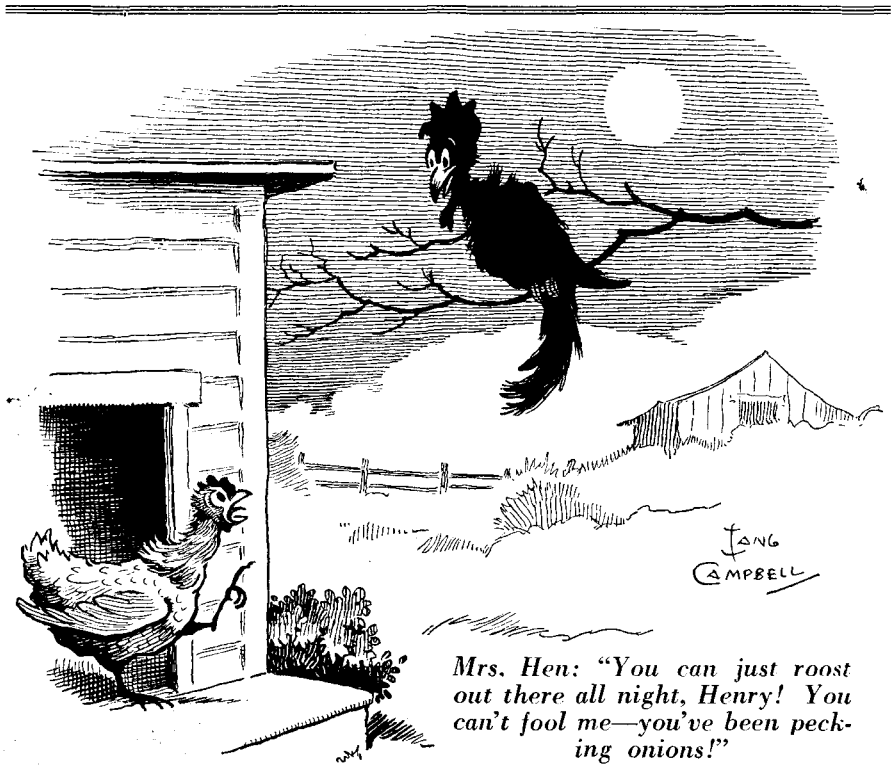
"Don't cry, Gwen. I guess it's a disappointment, but think! If I married you, pretending I loved you, it would be a crime!"

She dried her eyes and smiled.

"I think I'll let you go home by yourself," he said presently. "I've a kind of feeling you'd rather not have me with you!"

She nodded and did not speak. How considerate he was, how kind!

As she made her way slowly to the street car that was to take her back to Market Street and the man she loved, she wondered why she, who was in the seventh heaven of happiness, should be so sad. And the man she did not love still stared at the blue Pacific and the whirling sea birds and the steamer, outward bound, and wondered why he, who had lost his one chance of salvation by that lie, should be less sad than he had feared.



Mrs. Hen: "You can just roost out there all night, Henry! You can't fool me—you've been pecking onions!"

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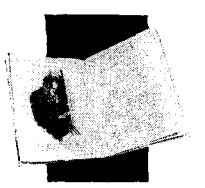

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They Call It Love

Continued from page 25

make him think so. You and Letty aren't in any desperate hurry, are you?"

"I don't know. . . . Dare say," Don felt free to admit, "we could both of us do with a small reprieve. We feel pretty keenly we're young to be trusted with all the liberty modern marriage grants."

"Then get Letty to consent to put your wedding off, and give Duke to understand she's heard about this cheap infatuation of his and theatens to break with you altogether if he marries Maria. Inside of six months he'll be running after some other woman. . . . You know he will, Don! Duke's his father all over again."

"That isn't what I'm laughing at," Don chuckled, tightening his embrace and rocking Edda with him. "I always knew you were a wise woman, dear, but never that you could give Machiavelli so many strokes per hole. All the same," he more soberly reconsidered, "I'm afraid you're forgetting one thing."

"What's that?"

"Maria's got all the earmarks of a natural-born litigant, to say nothing of the best grounds a good girl could ask for a gaudy breach of promise action."

"Your father would buy her off."

"I'm not sure he could before the newspapers got wind of it. Maria's wise enough to know how a gentle draft of publicity would fan our desire to settle at any cost. It would be heaps cheaper in the long run to let Duke marry the jade and take his medicine. He'd be shelling out alimony inside of a year, or I miss my guess, but he would have learned a lesson. . . ."

"I do think you're mad, Don!" His mother broke irritably from his arms and the chair as well. "Can't you understand she asks nothing better than to become a long-suffering angel wife? She'd never divorce Duke, never in this world, for *any* provocation! What she wants is to become Mrs. Duke Gerould—"

"Duchess of Gerould," Don frivolously interpolated, "would sound more lifelike."

"That's precisely it. She's a hopeless commoner now; as Duke's wife she'd be as good as a duchess. That's what makes it all so impossible. We Geroulds can't afford to marry beneath our station."

"Whatever that is. . . ."

"You know perfectly well—"

"Well," Don quizzically insisted, "what is our station, Mother?"

"What all the world knows it is. We" —the former Edda Duquesne turned on her son defiantly to proclaim (if ever in her histrionic career, at that moment every inch a queen)—"we Geroulds are the royalty of America!"

To that there was only one thing to be said. Involuntarily Don said it. Holding his parent in a gape of admiration, he said quite simply but with genuine feeling too:

"My God!"

BUT Edda was by no means ready to leave off reliving those big moments of genre drama which the genii of her golden age had drilled her in! Don's comment impinged on her understanding with no force other than as a cue, and without the least loss of countenance, but rather refreshed by her brief rest in the cradle of his sympathy, she proceeded, in the argot of her earliest love, to emote all over the stage.

Don, making from time to time noises which Edda was free to construe as encouragement, lighted a cigarette and gave a frown to the bright invitation of the Avenue.

Funny how impossible it was to-day to think of that little Southern girl but in association with a certain teasing strain of music, something half gay, half wistful, wholly fetching. . . .

Even now, with Edda behind him ranting away in her best form, the lilt of it crooning to his heart. . . .

What the dickens was the thing?

". . . no depending on your father, *he'd* never as much as walk around the corner to save a son of his. All he was looking for just now was a good excuse to sneak away and go to one of his little bits!"

No good disputing anything so self-apparent. The Old Boy had just turned up on the doorstep below, pausing there to wait for his town car to pull in. Poured into a nut-brown surtout so craftily tailored that it endued with a deal of synthetic dignity his tolerably overstuffed person; the bowler on his round head set at precisely the most killing angle; a museum piece of malacca with a gold knob clipped beneath an arm: Jethro was drawing on, with pains, a pair of lemon-colored thin leather gloves.

Wise old bird! He knew better than to waste time preaching to Duke, who, after all, was nobody's fool but his own, the principles his father had never pretended to practice. . . .

THE town car touched at the curb, and Jethro ambled down to it with a port which lent fair color to that priceless line his consort had a moment ago pronounced: the effect was irrefutable —there, but for the grace of God, went the American Edward the Seventh.

His coach of state rolled proudly away—to be dismissed for the day, ten to one, as soon as it had set him down at his nearest club—and the Prince of Wales of Edda's metaphor, otherwise Duquesne Gerould, gentleman, with considerably less appetite for the public eye, let himself out. His morose, mistrustful stare searched the sky in vain for a shred of cloud; he concluded just the same not to separate from his faithful umbrella. A canny soul who never had to throw his money about in taxi fares when it treacherously came on to rain. For all his high place in Edda's hierarchy, it might have been a retired tradesman who, in that plain dark Chesterfield overcoat, from under which trousers of sober stripe ran down to blunt-toed black boots, moused off afoot.

And the morals of retired tradesmen were, by all accounts, often as crumby.

Not that it became Don Gerould to be putting on airs when masculine virtue was in question. Were not his thoughts, who thus cynically watched father and brother go their problematic ways, plighted to another than she who for two days now had haunted them like a strain of seductive music?

"A rotten lot!"

That echo of soliloquy became audible in one of Edda's pauses for breath and inspiration; and, hard up for another cue, his mother harshly demanded: "What?"

"Oh, nothing: I just happened to hit on the name of a tune that's been buzzing in my skull all morning—'Moment Musicale.' Schubert's, ain't it?"

That was it, sure enough, the very air, dainty, alluring, elusive, which better than any words could phrase one's memory of Fay Lascelles.

"Queer contraption, the human mind. . . ."

"That's a Gerould for you! I can tear my heart to tatters for all you care—you won't even listen, you simply stand there mooning about a stupid piece of music. What on earth's the matter with you, Don? Are you in love?"

"I don't know," the scamp grinned. "Supposed to be, ain't I? And, anyway, I was listening; I heard every word—"

"Oh, you did! Then suppose you say something apropos."

"I don't mind." Don turned back to fold his mother in his arms again. Mutinous for the first moment, she strained away, but hunger for affection was too keen, and directly moist warm cheeks yielded to his lips. "There! Now quit fretting, dear. Duke's just blown down the Avenue, but I know pretty well he'll light; trust me to round the lad up and ride hard on him till he simmers down to normal. He won't make any mad marriage if I can help it."

"Oh, Don!" the mother whimpered, clinging—"you are such a comfort, the only one I've ever had; I don't know what I'd do without you."

Tom Masson says:

The mayor of Lynn, Mass., has given orders to discharge school teachers who smoke. He goes on the principle that where there is smoke there must be a fire.

The statue of Samuel J. Tilden, erected forty years after his death, is paid for out of his estate. The lawyers must have been asleep.

When doctors get sick, they are more scared than the rest of us. They know who treats them.

THE BOOK THAT NOBODY KNOWS—your wife's check book.

It might be a good idea to take some of the uplift movement out of new thought and put it into the air fleet.

A fashion expert says that women will soon be covering their faces with veils. Well, that's a start.

The trouble with too much money is not that it talks but squawks.

"You can still be useful in a dark closet, if you have personality," said the moth ball.

President Coolidge says his early ambition was to keep a general store. Well, we all have our disappointments.

Wise gentlemen defer blondes.

Only one British railroad passenger was killed in 1925. To get properly killed they have to come to the United States.

A turtle in Connecticut has been identified by date carved on its back as 111 years old. When asked the secret of his long life he replied: "I kept my head in."

According to a British scientist, lobsters make love to their mates. But the only time they turn red is when they get into hot water.

The railroad commission of Texas has decided that gentlemen there can still remove their boots when traveling in trains. This seems to be a case of turning the hose on their critics.

If you can bear with yourself, others are a cinch.

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"Won't have to for some months to come if I can wangle Letty into your diabolical young plot, old lady. Now turn me loose before Duke's trail goes cold."

On the way to his own apartment that confounded tune of a sudden cropped up again, audible this time otherwise than to the reminiscent ear, in the hall on which the ballroom opened. Don spied the younglings of the royal household in the throes of a dancing lesson. The enormous salon was peopled by three lonely shapes. Two of these had the acre or so of glossy floor all to themselves, the little dancing master and Doug, Don's coltish younger brother.

On one of the spindling gilt chairs which stood in an endless rank round the walls his sister Florence, a child in skirts so scant that, set aside the immaturity of her piquant small face, she might have passed anywhere for forty, was waiting her turn without any impatience—so honestly enraptured, indeed, that she was making no real effort to contain her giggles.

Don with a stern mien marched in, without ceremony caught the girl up from her chair and swung her into the time of that Fay Lascelles tune.

"See here, young woman," he severely admonished, "that's no way to be behaving. How can you expect Doug to learn his steps with you sitting there like that, making the poor fish foot-conscious?"

"But I can't help it; they do look so funny. Oh, Don," Florence blissfully sighed, "you dance so divinely! I wish you'd teach us instead of Mr. Phagot."

"Thanks ever so, but I know more amusing ways of breaking my heart to no profit."

"Besides, it doesn't make a bit of difference: Doug simply despises Mr. Phagot; he'd never learn from him, not if I never so much as cracked a smile. I've tried to tell Mother, but she's always too busy to listen. Why don't you? You're the only one she ever pays any attention to."

"Phagot's turned you out such a good job, Florrie," Don objected, "it wouldn't be easy to convince Mother he couldn't do as much for Doug."

"I'm a girl," that mondaine reminded him, whose years were several less than Doug's—"not a boy at the awkward age. Doug just can't think of anything except what a fool he must look dancing with a man—you can't blame him."

"Perhaps not—unless for letting appearances mislead him."

"Whatever you think you mean by that. . . . But if Mother would only take the trouble to find some nice girl to teach Doug, it would make all the difference in the world with his dancing."

"You're not half bad yourself, Florrie. Why don't you—?"

"DON, why pretend to be stupid? You know perfectly well there's no thrill in dancing with your own sister."

"I didn't understand that giving Doug a thrill was the object. However, there may be something in what you say. I'll think it over."

"And you won't forget to speak to Mother—?"

"Perhaps—when the time's ripe."

"Oh, I don't mean right now, when she's all upset about Fraülein Valeria. Don," a mystified voice pursued, "what did Maria Valeria do all of a sudden to make Mother fire her?"

"You ought to know," Don fenced with a false face of surprise. "Thought you told me not so long ago you and the Fraülein weren't hitting it off any too well."

"Oh, but it wasn't anything to do with me. Goodness knows, I never liked Fraülein Valeria, and I don't care if I never learn to speak German—I'm ever so glad she's gone! But we never had a regular row, and whatever she could have done to make Mother so furious I haven't the faintest idea."

"Oh, well," Don considerately replied, "seeing she was your governess, you've got a right to the hideous truth if anybody has. . . ."

But what had been born a silent sigh of relief died on a note of doubt. That the Viennese should have taken so much trouble to be discreet seemed ominously inconsistent with the invertebrate amiability she had advertised, argued an ambitiousness which had reconciled the woman to measures of unnatural circumspection.

Don began to suspect that to salvage Duke would take a bit more doing than he had bargained for.

"If you must know," he solemnly went on, "from what Mother said I gather that the sin of Fraülein Valeria was nothing less heinous than lese majesty."

DUKE, duly run to earth in the Bit and Spur Club, was wheedled away from his locker with such ease as proved him arrived already at a point just short of saturation. No other symptom betrayed that he had gone to extremes in his reverence for convention: too heedful of his liver as a rule to put much heart in his tippling, Duke would ordinarily down a dozen drams of patent tonics to one of good humanizing boot-liquor; but this, of course, was a special occasion. In his present stage of anomalous inebriety, he might, with judicious handling, be depended on to remain a social asset till bedtime, and the world none the wiser. And if to-morrow would be a bad day for him and a sad one for any ill-advised enough to cross Duke Gerould, Don asked only a few hours of to-day in which to test his own adaptation of the chicanery their mother had advocated.

"Thought you'd be nosing along before this," Duke shortly hailed him. "Where's your damn' band?"

"I'll be the goat," Don consented, but with small enthusiasm: "What band?"

"Hasn't our doting mater recruited you for the Salvation Army yet?"

"Oh!" Don intelligently divined—"you're having a jape at me, aren't you, Dukey?"

"So"—Duke always would worry a pleasantry as a dog will a bone too bare for any other use—"I was looking for you to stump in with a band of blue-noses to help yowl 'Rescue the Perishing' at me."

"It was a good wheeze too," Don lamented, "till you thought of it. Trouble is, you're seeing things upside down, old soul, and no wonder, when you're only hanging on by your toes. If you must know, the Old Boy up and volunteered to do the heavy father, and I'm too dutiful an offspring to want to crab his simple-minded pleasures. Not only that, but I've got troubles of my own that make yours look as infantile as a movie; I was hoping you'd lend me one of those prehensile ears and a lovin' elder brother's counsel. But if you're feeling as snooty as you sound, that's all off—and so am I."

He resumed his hat and stick and made a set for the street, but Duke caught him back.

"Can't tell whether you're lying or not, but it can do no harm to judge whether your story's up to your standard of invention. Come on into the library; there's never anybody there."

"It's about Letty. . . ." In that sanctuary which their brother members of the Bit and Spur so studiously slighted, Don with a groan threw himself into a chair and wagged a doleful head. "I've racked my brain till it aches, and blessed if I can see any way out."

"Any way out of what?"

"Our engagement, of course."

Fidelity of characterization required the unhappy man to boggle till egged on and then treat the leading question with naïf indignation. "Nothing of the sort! The poor girl doesn't know there's another man living—"

"Letty Delavan?" Duke interjected with circumflex eyebrows to accent a thunderstruck tone.

"And goodness knows we can't blame her. But that's just it: if Letty didn't worship the very ground I walk on, I might be able to chart a proper course."

"I see: can't bring yourself to break her tender woman's heart," Duke ironically followed. "That does yours credit, more at least than your head. Go on: tell me more. How long ago did you wake up to find your feet on the brink of this fatal mistake?"

"I've known where I stood from the first. I didn't ask for this—you know

(*Continued on page 46*)

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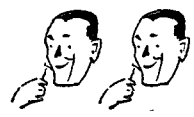

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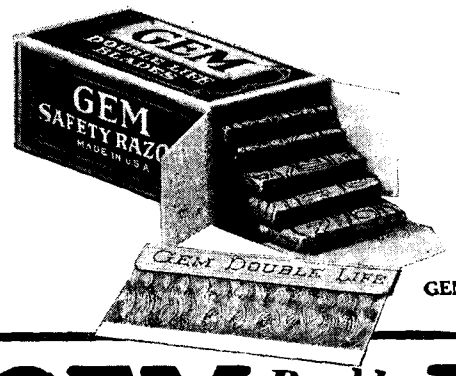

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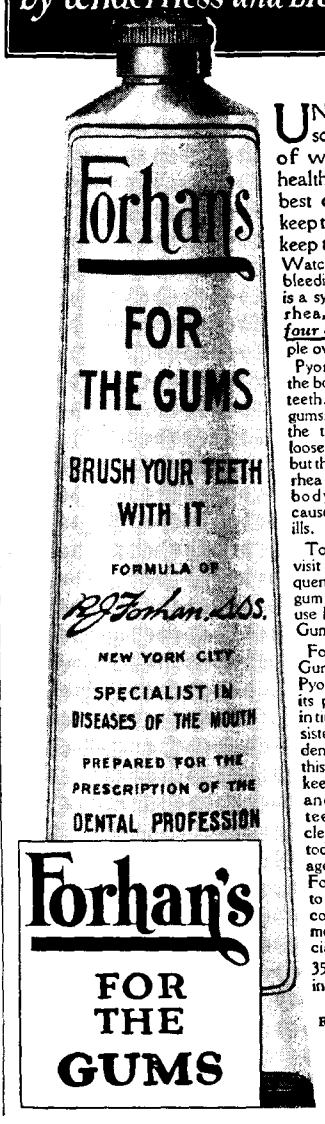

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They Call It Love

Continued from page 45

very well it's Mother's doing, at any rate as much as Letty's. She has set her heart on marrying the lot of us into certified first families: that's the only way she can consolidate the position she has fought so long to win. So I let her talk me into it, and now. . . . It's getting a bit too thick for me: it's a mug's game—and a rotter's, what's more."

"Too true! But you haven't told me yet who the other girl is. . . ."

"I ain't pretending there isn't another," Don growled. "There wasn't when Letty and I signed articles, that's about the best I can say for myself; but there is now—or could be, if she was willing."

"You telling me the lady's backward?"

"She's too fine to let herself think of me that way when she knows I'm not free."

"Well, if you can believe that about any woman, all I can say is, the sooner you break Letty's heart the better for her!"

"I not only believe it," Don protested. "I know it. This girl I'm talking about isn't our sort at all, hasn't got a mean bone in her make-up and wouldn't know a dishonorable impulse if she met one. The fact that I'm Jethro Gerould's son has no weight with her at all—"

"That lets me out," Duke interrupted. "Trot along, young un, and play with your soap bubbles; when this one bursts on you there's no law forbids your blowing another."

"You won't believe me—"

"I've knocked about too long and met too many dames of all descriptions not to know there ain't no such animal as this lady you're alleging, my son. You had me going for a while too," Duke reproachfully admitted: "I thought you were on the level, not merely drooling—or cooking up a wild tale to put me off Maria. If that's your crazy idea, m'lad, let me tell you—"

"Don't talk rot, Dukey!" Don expostulated with all the heat of innocence aggrieved and guilt in panic. "You ought to know I'm for you, win, lose or draw; if you want any help from me, you've only got to say so."

"I fight my own battles," Duke grimly reminded him. "What's more, I'll never deny your right to fight yours without interference."

"Have I offered any interference or asked anything of you but a friend's advice? I don't say a brother's!"

"You're a clever young devil," Duke darkly flattered. "How can I tell how far to trust you?—when I know just about what you think of Maria, and you come to me with this fairy tale about a young woman to whom Gerould money means nothing!"

"ALL right." Don stiffly got up. "If that's the way you feel. . . . I was going to ask you to meet her and give me the benefit of an unbiased impression, but . . ."

"Don't be in such a rush. If you're actually proposing to let me poke a finger through your pretty bubble—"

"I know: nothing would afford you more entertainment," Don in cold scorn rejoined from the doorway. "Many thanks; but that's not the idea, exactly. I'm as keen on this girl as you are on Maria Valeria and just as anxious to hear her called hard names. All I was hoping you'd give me was an outside slant on a difficult situation. If the girl's as sweet on me, it's a sure bet I'll find it out in time for myself and make married life a hell on earth for Letty. If she isn't, I can't see the use of breaking with Letty and giving Mother's fond expectations the boot. But I quite see it was selfish to think you could take an interest in any woes but your own at this time."

And, feeling rather more contemptible than he had hoped to, rather less confident that the end would justify the means, Don turned generously back and offered a hand.

"So let's forget it, old soul, and no hard feelings."

"Half a minute." A strong clasp detained him. "Don't run away with the wrong idea, Don. After that hauling over the coals Mother gave me it's only natural I should be a bit jumpy. When have you arranged to see this young woman again?"

"In an hour. She's going to meet me at the Plaza for tea and a dance or two."

"I'll be there—"

"No, Duke: don't think of it. What's the use? You're in no shape to form a cold opinion, can't possibly be till you hear from Maria."

"Don't let that worry you." Duke had a short laugh. "I'm dining with her to-night to thresh matters out. If you're dining at home, you have my permission to tell Mother why she needn't expect me."

With even these slight gains to lose if he tarried on in the play of Duke's mistrustful temper, Don, refusing still to hear repeated promises to join him and "this siren" of his for tea, forged an errand to run and got away with the deadest hour of day to kill and self-esteem in a sour ferment.

What if he had pledged Edda his word to leave nothing undone that might make Duke more amenable to reason? What if he did in his heart believe nothing could be more disastrous to his brother's welfare than this threatened misalliance with a woman of Maria Valeria's kidney? Surely he might have gone more wisely and honestly about the business: surely by pausing to take thought might have hit on some less precarious expedient, some means of diverting the tormented man that needn't have involved impugning the loyalty he owed Letty or dragging in this other young woman in whom he was taking so much unfair interest!

"A cad's way!" he muttered.

The epithet was old-fashioned, but none of more modern flavor that he could think of seemed so fitting. The plain truth being, of course, that he had doggedly made himself deaf to the voice of good faith in his eagerness to adopt any excuse to see more of the little Lascelles girl: had been not nearly so much concerned about retrieving Duke from the hold of a harpy as about bogging himself deeper down in a new infatuation. . . .

To ease if possible the sorest sting of these compunctions he dropped in at the florist's, ragged the staff about his

Next Week

One-Punch McTague tells the story of Don Quixote, who was, in a word, goofy

By

H. C. WITWER

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standing order for Letty, made amends by doubling it sight unseen, and frittered away all but the fag of that bad hour scribbling pretty messages to go with the flowers to his betrothed, leaving behind a fortnight's supply of these impromptu proofs of his thoughtfulness from day to day.

And finding himself still cursed with an empty fifteen minutes, he sought a telephone booth and rang up the Delavan town house.

"Miss Delavan is just going out, sir—I'll see if I can catch her."

The next voice on the line was unmistakable, crisp and clear if perhaps a trifle too high of pitch, and merry as ever.

"Well, my dear—I was wondering. What have you been doing these days to forget me so completely?"

"Didn't you get my roses, dearest?"

"Of course; and they were too lovely. But that doesn't signify. When Sam's wife goes away he spends the first night writing her letters for his valet to post every day—he leaves them numbered."

It seemed just as well not to attempt any direct refutation of that innuendo. "I'm wanting very much to see you, Letty. When are you going to have an hour free for a fellow?"

"That's more like. I'm leaving this minute for a tea dance the Rolands are giving. Don't you want to tag along?"

"Sorry, but I'm tied up for the afternoon. Duke's in a bad way, and I've got to take care of the lad—tell you all about that when I see you. What about to-night?"

"Of course. Drop around for dinner and we can decide later what to do with the evening."

Don dealt well with the groan that surged to this prospect. "Right-O. Eight o'clock? I'll be there."

He felt a bit more cheerful about Letty as he went on to keep his appointment with another woman. Letty at least was a civilized creature; when she had grounds for complaint she didn't as most would, overload a public telephone wire with her grievance. Life in double harness with such a sweetly reasonable creature wasn't such a bad thing for a fellow to look forward to.

NOT that there seemed to be much nourishment in that reflection when, waiting in the Plaza for Duke to turn up and doing his best to be amusing meanwhile in the sight of Fay Lascelles, sparkling in looks to-day as well as spirits, and that too beautiful friend whom she had been able to bring along, Lona Schell, Don felt his back bored by a stare of singularly personal interest, and looked round to Letty concluding a pause of critical survey in one of the inner doorways.

The scrap of smile which he caught before she disappeared burned into memory like a spatter of caustic.

(*To be continued next week*)

The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 28

ide he felt the familiar thrill that her resence always gave him, but he was onscious that some unseen thing was olding them apart.

For three days now he had sought his meeting, but hitherto without avail. 'or three days his brain had been aught up among broken waves of ought, a leaping tumult of cross-curents and whirls and eddies.

A garden seat stood on one of the wer levels of the terraced banks. They ended toward it. Side by side they ood and gazed down upon the rustling ass of the Wilderness and the slaty rface of the sea spread out beneath e cool, dim stars.

"Ronnie," said Alix, breaking the lence, "I want you to go away from re."

E WAS supersensitive that evening, and, with a little stab of mortification, he noticed that she did not look him.

"You know I can't do that," he anered, "even if I would. You heard at Sir Harry said at dinner: that anderton wishes all of us to remain here for the present. . . ."

"I know," she put in quickly, "but can't detain you. You must be called ay on military duty. Your colonel n easily arrange that. You must fix somehow; you mustn't stop. . . ."

He shook his head decisively.

'I can't do that. . . ."

'Not if I ask you to go?" She turned d faced him. Now it was he who erted his gaze. "To please me, Ron. . . ."

'Not even then." His voice was rn; he looked at her. She flinched der his searching glance.

'There are reasons," she said in a and hurried voice—"reasons I can't lain to you, Ronnie. Frankie"—stopped, and her eyes flashed to his —"Frankie objects to your being e. . . ."

teadily he met her regard. "You n he knows—about our meeting the er night?"

he shook her head. "Not that," she l. . . .

Then I don't see how I'm in Frankway," he retorted rather bitterly. he turned away and gazed across darkling treetops to seaward.

You must forget what I told you night—" she began.

e laughed disdainfully. "As if I d. . . ."

didn't know what I was saying. ould be better if we didn't see anything of each other any more . . . for a time, at least. Frankie and I are friends again. We're going to make a fresh start. You'll only spoil things if you're here. That's why I want you to go away."

He spoke no word, but his eyes never left her face. She laid a hand pleadingly on his arm. "You'll go, won't you?"

He shook his head.

"Why are you so stubborn?" she cried plaintively.

"Because Frankie's put you up to this. . . ."

"He hasn't, I swear! He knows nothing about it!"

"Then why should you want to get rid of me?" His voice grew hard. "Are you afraid I'll let you down?"

"Oh, Ronnie," she exclaimed with a little sob, "you know I don't think that!"

But he did not relent. "What else do you leave me to think?" he demanded. She looked at him so wistfully that his voice softened: "Look here, Alix, why don't you tell me the truth?"

She recoiled in horror. "Don't ask me that," she whispered, her hands to her face. "Don't ask me that!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't want to force your confidence," he said coldly, "but I confess I'm curious to know why Frankie should have gone to the trouble of producing this bogus alibi. . . ."

She extended her hands imploringly toward him.

"Ronnie, for God's sake, stop! You don't know what you're saying. . . ."

"I do, only too well. What I don't understand is how he was able to prevail upon you to bolster it up with a lie. You know as well as I do that Frankie didn't get to his room until midnight. Why did he tell the police that he went to bed at ten? And why, in Heaven's name, did you support him?"

Desperately she looked about her in a very frenzy of fear.

"Ronnie," she entreated again, "I beg of you, stop!"

He glanced around. The gardens lay still and deserted about them.

"I can understand Frankie wanting to get rid of me," he went on inexorably, "if he knows that I was in your room the other night, as, after you, I'm the only person who can upset this amazing alibi of his. But you say he doesn't know. What am I to think? That it's you who are sending me away; that you were equally anxious to hoodwink the police. . . ."

(*Continued on page 48*)

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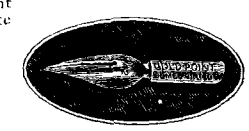

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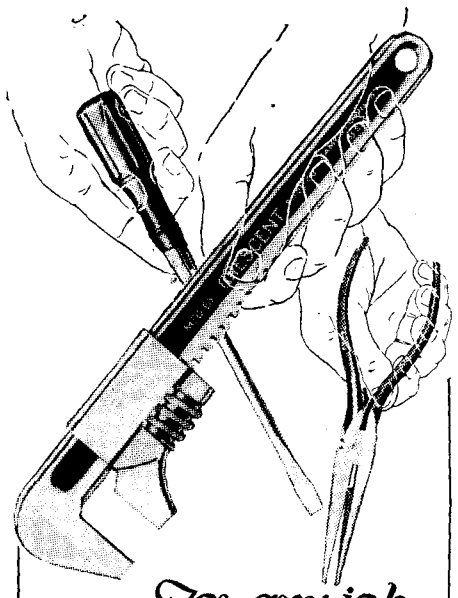

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THE HEART OF ALIX

Continued from page 47

She wrung her hands in anguish. "Think what you like! Only go away from this house!"

He leaned toward her.

"Can't you see that this suspense is burning me up?" he said in a low, fierce voice. "Do you think I'm blind? Do you imagine that I don't know that this man Manderton, ever since he arrived here, has devoted his whole attention to this house and its inmates? What is he looking for, Alix?"

"I don't know," she wailed. "I don't know. . . ."

"That night in your room," he went on passionately, "as you lay in my arms you whispered, 'Whatever they may say of me, promise you'll always remember that you loved me!' Why did you say that? Did you know then that Basil Stanismore was lying dead down there on the beach?"

"No, no!" she cried aghast. "You mustn't think that of me, Ronnie. . . ."

"Then what am I to think?" he flared back at her hotly. "You and Frankie put up this story that he returned from London at ten o'clock on the night of the murder. Why this lie? Why is it essential to fix his arrival two hours earlier than the real time?

"And what do these two hours conceal?"

"I can't answer you!" she said.

"You say that as though I had not the right to ask," he retorted. "But I have this right. I'm implicated in this affair as well. I've had to let first Nolling and then Manderton believe that I never left my room once I had gone up to bed on Friday night. . . ."

"Don't you understand," she cried, "that this is why you must go? Why should you be dragged down with us? Can you be sure that this man won't discover that you've deceived him? I'm haunted by the fear that he may somehow find out that you left your room. . . ."

"Don't worry," he said dourly, "he can't possibly do that. And if he does, Mr. Manderton will get very little change out of me, I promise you."

"You'd deny it, I know, but what good would that do? It would only make him the more suspicious." She lowered her voice. "Don't you realize that he suspects you already?"

"The less reason for my going away. . . ."

SHE caught his arm. "Ronnie," she implored solemnly, "for God's sake, do what I ask. This thing that's been laid upon me, I can go through with it alone, but as long as you're here I feel that you're being drawn steadily deeper into this morass. You've got your career to think of. I want you to go very far. And the thought that, through your friendship for me, ruin might come upon you is driving me out of my senses. . . ."

The urgent appeal in her voice touched him, but he would not let it appear. Her lack of confidence had wounded him, and he answered rather roughly:

"I'm not afraid for myself; you needn't imagine that. It's you I'm thinking of. You don't really believe that you and Frankie can throw dust in the eyes of a man like Manderton and get away with it, do you? Look here, Alix, you're in a mess, and I'm going to help you out. But you must tell me the whole story."

She shook her head helplessly. "If you care for me at all," she said dully, "you'll do what I ask. . . ."

"I'm not going away, if that's what you mean," he replied stubbornly.

She raised her ashen face to his.

"You force me to say it," she murmured. "Oh, Ronnie, will you never understand? Don't you realize that I want to see you safe because—because," she faltered and the red glowed in her pale cheeks—"I love you!" she whispered softly.

He looked away, stern and hard and silent.

"Promise me, dear," she entreated, timidly touching his sleeve—"promise me that you'll have yourself recalled to-morrow?"

He shook his head.

She sprang back. "You think only of yourself!" she cried hotly.

He gave a hard laugh.

"What sort of love is it that knows no trust?" he answered bitterly. "God knows what it is that connects you with this foul crime, but you make it very hard for me to believe the best of you!"

She stared at him, thunderstruck. "Ronnie!" she gasped.

"What do you leave me to think?" he burst out wretchedly. "This man, lured here and slaughtered like an ox; and you, who know the truth, talk of love to me while all this time your only idea is to get me out of the way lest I should—"

"You've said enough," she broke in and gulped down a sob. "You must please yourself. I'm only sorry that I was ever foolish enough to have imagined, to have . . ." her voice broke and she brusquely turned to go.

And he, hurt and angry even as she, torn between his love for her and the horrible suspicion that cast a shadow athwart his thoughts as black as the night which, while they talked, had dropped about them, let her depart unhindered, following her only with his eyes.

Suddenly he saw her stop and grow rigid. She turned back to him, pointing down at the dim silhouette of the railings, ranged like the bare skeleton of some prehistoric monster at the foot of the terrace.

"That man," she said in a low voice, "do you see him? Down there by the gate?"

Following her downward glance, he had caught a glimpse of the squat black shape which had glided noiselessly behind a clump of rhododendrons.

"It's one of Manderton's people, I fancy," he said. "Cantle told me he had someone hanging about the shrubbery before dinner."

She shivered. "This atmosphere of suspicion is stifling me," she murmured, as though to herself. "What does this detective hope to find here, in the grounds? And whom does he suspect?"

A STEP crunched the gravel on the path behind them. A mocking voice declaimed:

Much is suspected of me,
Nothing proved can be.

A cigar glowed out of the dark. A tall form loomed up beside them. It was Vrogue.

"A woman wrote those lines," he remarked genially. "A clever woman too. Queen Elizabeth, no less. Scratched 'em with a diamond on a window at Woodstock Manor where her fond sister, Bloody Mary, had put her out of harm's way." He grinned at them, his grotesque face for an instant visible behind the glimmer of his cigar. "Whom does our Manderton suspect, you were askin'? Whom *don't* he suspect, you should have said, my dear. Suspicion is his job. . . ."

"Look!" Alix said to Dene, "there's that man again!"

Vrogue peered over their shoulders.

"Surveillance, eh?" he said.

Alix shivered.

"How horrible," she murmured. "How unutterably horrible!"

But Vrogue laughed stridently.

(To be continued next week)

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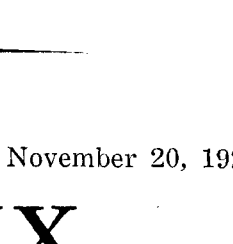

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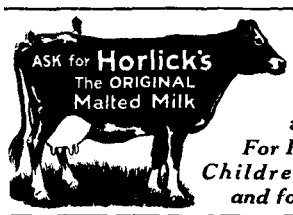

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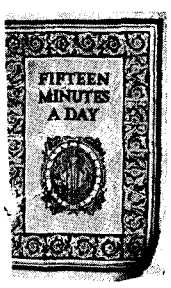

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Could You Face It?

Continued from page 8

and, although the critics recognized his lack of screen training, they say he's rapidly overcoming that handicap and will be heard from.

But those occurrences are such stuff as movie aspirants' dreams are made of. Let's get down to the cold, hard route. The third—and most employed—method of getting in front of the camera is by applying for screen work at the casting director's office. He may content himself with letting you go no farther than the card files of extra people. But if he thinks you have real possibilities he'll arrange a test for you.

And you are given every possible opportunity to appear at your best because the company which is investing time and money in testing you is every bit as anxious to discover new screen talent as you are to be discovered.

Not a few defects that might show up in a screen test can be dressed up with proper make-up and lighting. Gilda Gray, for instance, filmed miserably in one regard in her tests. Her light-blue eyes showed up as faded out, they say, until a heavy shading effect over and below the eyes brought them out vividly and entrancingly—and made possible her success in "Aloma of the South Seas."

Eyes of light blue or gray don't photograph well unless the right shadows are penciled in so as to bring out the iris in contrast to the dark surroundings. Light hair never photographs as well as dark, black or brown hair.

Louise Brooks, with her black hair and dark-brown eyes, is a perfect type. You can flood her with light and she won't appear faded out. On the other hand, Esther Ralston would show up poorly unless great care were used in lighting her. You will notice in her pictures that she is hardly ever photographed against the light, for the beams playing on her tresses would make them disappear into the background.

While, as a general rule, it's safe to say that brunettes screen better than blondes, the rule is by no means unbreakable. With advances in make-up and lighting, wonders are accomplished, so you needn't despair of film stardom even if you're an albino. And not all brunettes photograph well. In every movie camera there's a little devil who plays tricks that are so unexpected and so unexplainable that they upset calculations and bury hopes time and again.

From six to ten screen tests are shot every week at one big studio alone. As you have seen, experts must have some confidence that the subjects are worth a chance before the tests are made. But the proportion of survivors is decidedly small.

Look Out for Imp of the Camera

NOT all screen tests are of beginners. The best of the stars have to be tested for costume and rôles. Among the most famous of such competitions was the test for the lead in "Peter Pan." Almost two hundred persons had been tried, and some of them came through very well indeed. Then Bill Cohill, casting director for Paramount, spotted Betty Bronson in a small rôle in "Java Head."

"There's my bet for Peter," said Cohill—and a screen test was arranged. Herbert Brenon took all the tests over to Europe, where he had them run off for J. M. Barrie, and the British author selected Betty to play Peter in the film.

When they were casting about for someone to play Lady Sibyl in "Sorrows of Satan" the producers screen-tested a score of well-known actresses who seemed adequately fitted to play the rôle of the decadent English noblewoman. Every one of them was the choice—until the tests reached the projection-room. Always the Imp of the Camera had got in his mischievous work. Then one day D. W. Griffith say Lya de Putti, who had just come over from Hungary, in the Lasky offices.

"There's my Lady Sibyl," said Griffith. Miss De Putti was already under contract with the company, but had not been assigned a vehicle. However, not even Griffith's experienced eye was accepted as the final arbiter. Miss De Putti had to go over to the studio and go through all the rigmarole of the beginner before she was given the rôle.

While a screen test is usually regarded as the final yes or no in the case of a film aspirant, a second or even a third such test is often given, especially in cases where some obvious defects have been remedied.

There's one instance on record where the verdict of many screen tests was overridden with splendid results. Norma Shearer, now a star, flunked almost a score of tests. Her light gray-blue eyes baffled the art of the make-up man and electrician.

"She'll never get over," was the inevitable judgment of the projection-room critics. "Her eyes'll kill her."

But in this instance the expert who had spotted her wasn't satisfied with the tests, numerous though they were. Miss Shearer had charm, personality, appearance and acting ability.

"Never mind the eyes," ruled a Metro-Goldwyn chief. "That girl will get over big if she's given a chance in a real picture."

Heartbreaks are Frequent

SO THEY made a picture with Miss Shearer, and they devoted keen attention to her make-up and to lighting—and the answer is in electric lights today over the marquees of movie houses that are showing Norma Shearer pictures.

If you're a movie fan, it may be rather fun for you to note a name—and watch it. Just write down Vilma Novak—and wait. You may never hear of her again; you may, on the other hand, be watching her playing leading screen rôles within a year or so. Vilma was one of twelve winners of a recent Charleston contest conducted by a chain of theatres.

Vilma had no thought of a movie career when she entered the contest and was chosen as New York State's representative in the Charlestoning group. But the dozen went over to the Paramount studios to be filmed, and Mal St. Clair, the director, spotted Vilma. He arranged for a screen test for her and the results were satisfactory. But she hasn't yet had a chance to show what she can do in a production.

One day not long ago a new waitress appeared in the restaurant of the Paramount studio in Astoria, L. I. When directors, film players, camera men and other screenworkers filed into the white-tiled dining-room at luncheon hour, most of them noticed her at once. She was undoubtedly beautiful—tall, slender, of graceful bearing—and she stood out vividly despite her plain black costume and waitress' apron.

Studio heads observed her and agreed that she would without doubt prove a winner. She was invited to take a screen test.

That was on a Monday. On Tuesday the test was made, and under the lights the girl seemed more of a possibility than ever. She was radiant, and her charm was unmistakable. When she went home that night her head was full of bright, brave plans for a movie-star future.

Then they developed the test and ran it off in the studio projection-room. That was on Wednesday.

On Thursday she was back in the restaurant toting "plate specials" and vegetable salads. The nasty little camera devil had played his joke again.

That child may come in her day to know great joys. She may have wealth and comforts and even contentment of a sort. But always there will be a sorry little grieving-spot in her heart.

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Collier's EDITORIALS

Human Nature Under Prohibition

HUMAN nature is fundamentally the same even in the Scandinavian. If you sit on a tack, you will jump and register pain whether you live in Oslo or Oshkosh. For this reason the fate of prohibition in Norway is immensely interesting to us. We are fighting the same evil and experiencing much the same difficulties.

At the time of the World War prohibition came to Norway. We got it not long after.

Before prohibition was made a law, temperance was preached in Norway. The people made great strides toward sobriety. So did we.

When the law said "thou shalt not" the Norwegian people began to buy and drink illicit liquor. Same here.

Around Norway bootleggers' boats appeared. Adventurers scorned prohibition and clandestinely brought forbidden alcohol to willing purchasers. We, too, know something of that.

In Norway men and women began to manufacture alcoholic beverages in their homes after prohibition became the law. We, also, have learned how to brew in the basement, to make wines in our kitchens.

The quality of the liquor drunk became worse in Norway after prohibition. Some of it was actually dangerous. We have heard similar complaints of the stuff vended on this side of the Atlantic.

Premier Ivar Lykke hit our nail on the head when he said the Norwegian voters realized that "prohibition can never be an end in itself. It is at best only a means to increase a nation's sobriety."

Norway intends to be sober. That is apparent from everything said, even during the excitement of election returns. If prohibition is a blind alley, other roads will be explored. The Norwegian government is now trying to teach the nation that the use of alcohol is unnecessary and its misuse dangerous and detestable.

But there, as here, years of prohibition have proved again the futility of attempting to change people's habits without their coöperation.

Public opinion in Norway turned when the ineffectiveness of prohibition was demonstrated.

The story of prohibition in Norway is the story of prohibition in the United States.

Yet there is a difference. In Norway prohibition was enacted by law. Here it is imbedded in the Constitution. Changes are, therefore, harder to accomplish.

The way out in Norway was not found along the road to "Light Wines and Beer." We can hardly hope for better luck since light wines and beers have never been popular among us.

Norway is a lap ahead. Prohibition there is dead.

What happens now will be followed here with the deepest concern. For to-day prohibition is our largest domestic problem and it must be settled and settled quickly if we are to preserve the integrity of our governmental institutions.

"United we stand"

Remember Walter Camp

WHEN you crawl out of bed in the morning do you turn on the radio and take your exercise to the tunes and directions audible through the ether?

Or, are you one of those who do not demand the stimulation of music to push you through your "Daily Dozen"?

In any event, if you are one of the millions who do give heed to their physical fitness, you are honoring the memory of Walter Camp.

This Saturday his fame will be celebrated at New Haven when Harvard and Yale play their annual football game.

Camp exerted a great and wholesome influence. He was the father of American football and his tireless enthusiasm helped to make the game the supreme amateur sport of the colleges.

Twenty-eight years ago Camp chose his first All-America Football Team for Collier's and until his death was the unquestioned arbiter of that unique institution.

To-day that duty is performed with distinction by Grantland Rice, and to a nation's student football players inclusion in the All-America Team is still more to be desired than a fat contract with Mr. Pyle.

But Camp's interest was not limited to the colleges, nor to the particular game over which he presided. Camp thought abou health and vigor for everyone and he mad exercise simple and practicable for th average man.

His article "The Daily Dozen," publishe in Collier's, described a few calisthenic e ercises which the average man and woma might profitably practice.

The article was reprinted in pamphl form and 465,596 copies were sold.

Millions of people cultivated better habi because of Walter Camp.

In the greater measure of wholesome li enjoyed by the myriads who follow h teaching is his true and lasting memori

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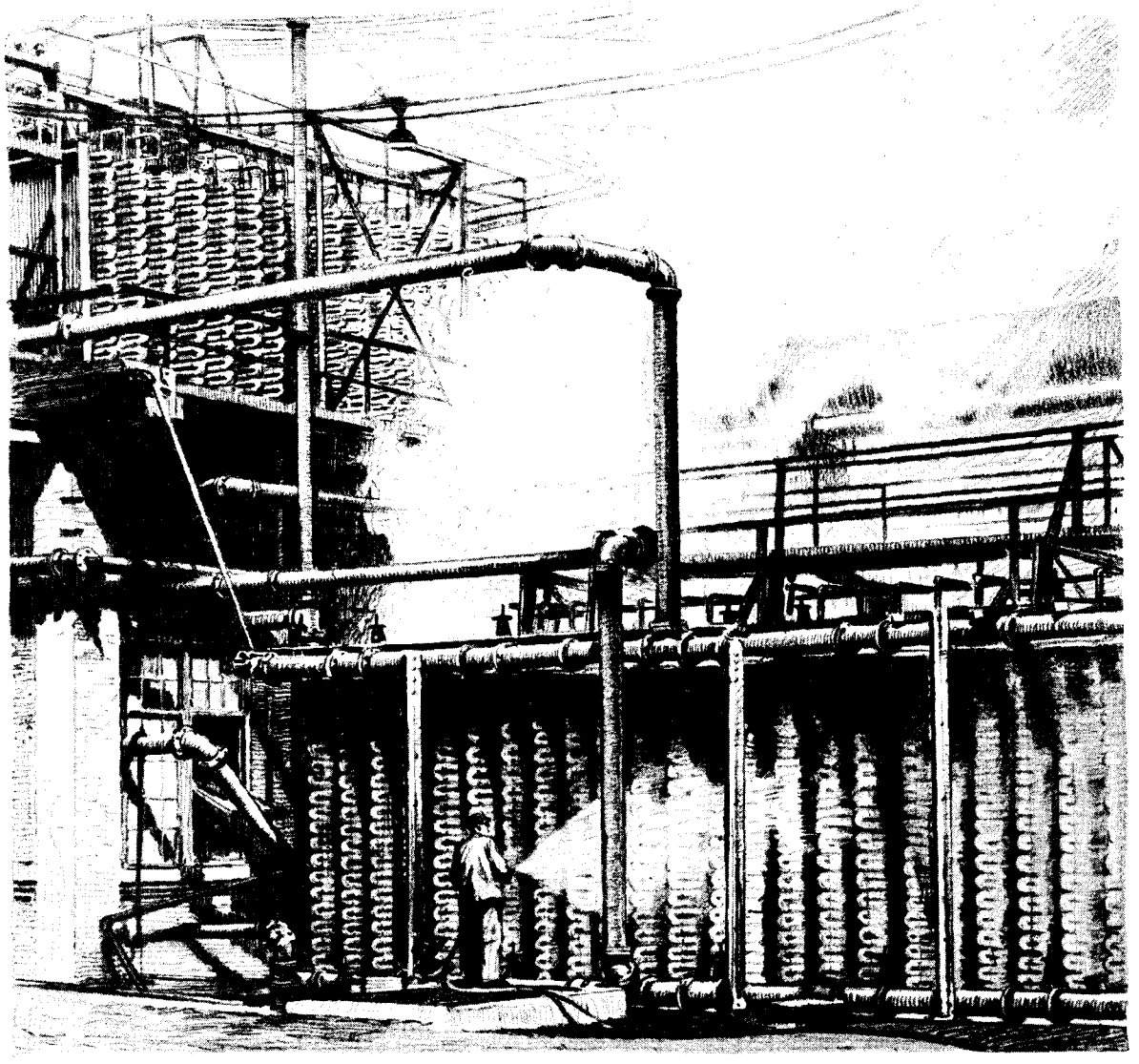
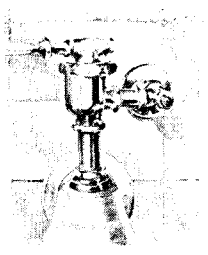


Making TNT and mothballs from coal

Would you guess that aspirin is related to ready roofing? Or that there is kinship between perfumes and paints, between carbolic acid and dyes of infinite color-variety, between mothballs and trinitrotoluene? All these substances and literally hundreds of thousands of others have a common ancestor: coal! They come from coal tar, the by-product as coal is destructively distilled to give us gas to light and heat our houses, and coke for the steel mills.

To make coal thus yield its forest-wealth of forgotten ages has been a complex problem for engineer and chemist. Co-operating with coke oven technical experts, Crane engineers have designed special coils and fittings that enable marked economy of layout in by-product coke and gas oven installations.

This is but another illustration of the value of Crane research and Crane knowledge based on 71 years of experience. Practically every field of human activity benefits from the safety, dependability, and economy of Crane valves, fittings, and piping. On ships at sea, in locomotives, in factories and waterworks and power plants, in the oil fields, and homes, for all purposes and on all pressures, Crane products are serving faithfully. You insure yourself similar service when building or remodeling, by specifying Crane.



ane water-controlled flushing valve. Eco- al of water; efficient.

A view of a wash-oil cooler in the plant of the By-Products Coke Corporation, South Chicago, Illinois. The pipe coils and special fittings were designed and supplied by Crane.

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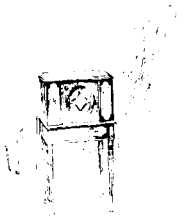
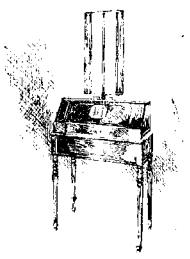
When you buy a Radiola you are not buying an experiment but a *proved result*





As the last authentic word of science, RCA lighting socket sets have increased their leadership by performance, not promise, and have been road-tested and certified by popular choice.

Steadily the demand for RCA lighting socket sets has been growing. RCA was aware when it introduced these sets that they would establish new and higher standards for radio and a desire for replacement of ordinary sets.

From the first blue-print these RCA lighting socket sets were built to be operated from house current and should not be confused with ordinary sets to which some power devices are "adjusted."

Consistently the quality of these lighting socket sets has improved, as all Radiolas have improved. Today the leading homes in every neighborhood have Radiolas—tried, tested and perfected.

In all Radiolas the goal of the scientists—the scientists of RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse—has been complete naturalness of voice and music.

In radio, it is *reality* that counts. Tune in a Radiola 28—with the power Loudspeaker 104 across the room. Turn a single control to the station, and leave it—fixed. Turn up the music to the *actual volume* that would reach your ears at a concert. And every listener will sit as rapt and silent as though the singer were in the room. The spell is real!

This is what the research laboratories of "pure science" have done for the RCA Radiola. They found that radio held possibilities of true tone reproduction that no instrument ever had before. And they have developed these possibilities into the present Radiolas.

They have built sets that operate perfectly without batteries—on the house current. They have found a way to use this current to amplify to great power, the weak signals that come into the radio set, until the original volume—even of a whole orchestra—can actually be duplicated *with no distortion.*

Tune in a Radiola to fine music and all these things mean more than just good reception. They mean *reality!*

RCA Loudspeaker 104, complete, $275

Radiola 28, with eight Radiotrons, $260

A. C. Package, for adapting Radiola 28 for use without batteries, $35

Authorized Dealer RCA

Buy with confidence where you see this sign.

RCA Radiola

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